

JOHN BULL

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A For meaning of this
number see p. iii of cover.

*Come the three corners of the
world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought
shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but
true.*

Edited by
**HORATIO
BOTTOMLEY**

EXCELDA HANDKERCHIEFS

Why do people who
buy **EXCELDA**
Handkerchiefs always come
back for more?

Because people know,
a GOOD THING. They see
GOOD VALUE in **EXCELDA**
Handkerchiefs. People
soon find out when an article
is made to wear and give full
satisfaction.

That's why
people buy **EXCELDA**
Handkerchiefs.

Ask for **EXCELDA**
and insist upon having
EXCELDA.

Ask for **EXCELDA**
Soft Collars, Fronts & Shirts.

Steele's Adver. Ser.



They're off!



And a ripping home they've got to come back to! You see they did the right, common-sense thing and got every bit of their furniture from the right place. Where? Why the MIDLAND of course. They know the secret.

Money buys more at the "Midland."

You have over £100,000 worth of the finest furniture to choose from, at prices suited to every one, each price is a bargain and is clearly marked; ten per cent. off when you pay cash, and no charge at all for interest if you pay out of income and don't draw on your capital. Compare the money-saving Midland prices with those charged elsewhere for anything like the same grand quality of furniture and you will find that the Midland terms are what they claim to be, *Ideal Terms*.

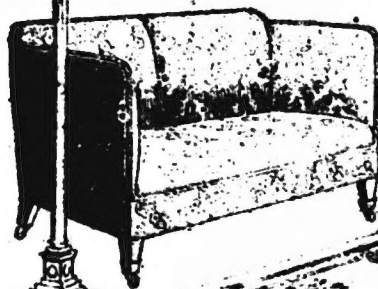
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Customers' fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

Free Life, Fire, Zeppelin and Bombardment Insurance.

All the "Midland" customers can obtain free insurance policies whereby all furniture purchased on *Ideal Terms* becomes the absolute property of the wife, in the event of the death of the purchaser. All furniture thus purchased is also insured against damage by Fire, Zeppelin Bombs, or Hostile Bombardment.

late property of the wife, in the event of the death of the purchaser. All furniture thus purchased is also insured against damage by Fire, Zeppelin Bombs, or Hostile Bombardment.



Write for the "Midland" Book of Furniture TO-DAY.

It is the finest and most comprehensive Guide to Furnishing ever published. It contains over 1,000 photographs actually taken inside the "Midland" Salons. A post-card brings it free.

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packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

Drawing Room Suite.

This charming Suite comprises an elegant inlaid Mahogany Cabinet in Sheraton style, a Settee and two Easy Chairs beautifully upholstered and covered in tapestry to customer's choice, a dainty inlaid Occasional Table and inlaid Occasional Chair.

20 Guineas.

10% Discount for Cash

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Town or Country.		Worth.		Per Month.	
£10	-	£0	5	6	
£20	-	0	11	0	
£30	-	0	16	6	
£40	-	1	2	0	
£50	-	1	7	6	
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£200	-	5	10	0	
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Larger amounts proportionate.

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Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies.

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Hours—9 till 7.

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Mother and Baby Cured by Veno's.

Mrs. MOYLE, 45, Beaufort Road, St. Thomas, Exeter, says: "I am ever so pleased to tell you that Veno's Lightning Cough Cure has quite cured my little baby. He was suffering with Bronchitis, and nothing else did any good. Baby was born with a delicate chest, and every week or so would have bad attacks of coughing and wheezing. Often he could hardly get his breath. Poor little dear, it was pitiful to see him struggling and so shaken with coughing. I tried all sorts of things, but none of them did the slightest good. I had medical advice, too, but poor baby did not get a bit better. But at last I got Veno's Lightning Cough Cure, and it was marvellous how baby recovered. A few doses cured him, and he has never had a cough since."



Mrs. Moyle and Baby.

A SIXPENNY
BOOK FREE.

Write now for "The Veno Book of Health," containing valuable information which no sufferer should be without. Address: Box 729, THE VENO DRUG CO., LTD., MANCHESTER.

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure Instantly Relieves and Speedily Cures:

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BRONCHITIS,
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11½d.
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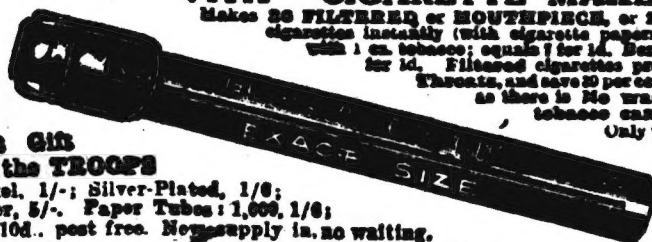
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DIFFICULT BREATHING.

Larger sizes, 1/8 and 3/4. The 3/4 size is the most economical. Of Chemists and Stores in all parts of the world, including Leading Chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and India. Insist on having Veno's, and refuse all substitutes.

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"VITA" CIGARETTE MAKER.

Makes 25 FILTERED or MOUTHPIECE, or 25 ordinary cigarettes instantly (with cigarette papers or tubes) with 1 oz. tobacco; equals 1 for 1d. Best tobacco, 1 for 1d. Filtered cigarettes prevent throat and save 20 per cent. tobacco, as there is no waste. Any tobacco can be used. Only weighs 1 oz. Fits in Cigarette Case. LADIES can use it.



Best Gift

for the TROOPS

Nickel, 1/-; Silver-Plated, 1/6;

Silver, 5/-. Paper Tubes: 1,000, 1/6;

500, 10d., post free. No supply in, no waiting.

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DRAWN WIRE
Lamps

British Made Throughout.

Made at the Osram-Robertson Lamp Works, Hammer-smith, London. See that every lamp sold as Osram bears the words "G. E. C. Made in England." Refuse all others.

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Writers for Patterns of Suits, Overcoats, Costumes, or Raincoats; or Catalogues of Ladies' and Children's Wear. Genuine Furs, Footwear, Gramophones and Records, Sheffield Cutlery and Tools, Cycles, Tyres, Worked Clothing, Household Drapery, etc. J. G. GRAVES LTD., SHEFFIELD.

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The Country wants trained men and women to help fight this war.

Trained men and women are wanted to make munitions and keep the wheels of industry revolving. When Peace comes there will be an enormous demand for trained men and women to take advantage of new and glorious opportunities in the rebuilding of the Empire's Trade.

Every week the International Correspondence Schools receive hundreds of requests from Employers of Labour for trained men and women to fill highly-paid positions.

No matter how little time you have, or what your education—the I.C.S. can train you in your own home to become an expert in the occupation you prefer.

Mark and post the attached coupon NOW. In a month or two opportunity will be knocking at your door. Will you be ready? Post the coupon—or if you prefer send a postcard

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Please send me, without obligation on my part, your illustrated book, describing the opportunities for gaining increased earnings in the occupation which I have marked X.

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"Tales of a
Toffee Tin"

No. 7: Amongst
the gathered
ladies.

This is the tin that makes
the day's work lighter.

**for when a meal seems a long
way off, Toffee-de-Luxe is
trebly delicious.**

So the Conductresses say. And feeling hungry's a good excuse for nibbling this homely little great sweetmeat at dozens of odd moments; not only is De-Luxe as full of food as butter, sugar, and thick rich cream can make it—it has a melting, moreish flavour that you cannot buy in other sweets at any price.

Children of all ages like Mackintosh's; everyone who has a sweet tooth appreciates it...yes, and even when all teeth are no more than a memory, the liking lingers for this best of all toffees that's made at Halifax.

**It is simply a duty to treat our
Soldiers and Sailors to lots and
lots of Toffee-de-Luxe. Ask
one?**

*Sold loose by weight, and in fancy
tins, by confectioners everywhere.
1½d. per oz.*

To the Trade only.

The extensive advertising of Mackintosh's Toffee-de-Luxe, and the fact that it is so good, pure, and delicious have made it a staple product of steadily increasing and enormous demand. Both Wholesale and Retail Trade are strongly urged to provide for this increasing demand by revising their stocks at once.

John Mackintosh
Ltd.,
Halifax, England.



Made by the entirely British
firm of CARRERAS, Ltd., at
Arcadia Works, City Road
London, E.C. Estab. 1788.



**BUY some Black Cat Extra large cigar-
ettes to-day, they are bigger and fill the
packet tighter than any other popular
priced brand on the market.**

THEY are the utmost value obtainable
in Virginia cigarettes. Make sure the
bright green band is around each packet
of Extra large and the imprint Extra large
is on every cigarette you smoke.

BLACK CAT Extra large are 10 for
4d. (the ordinary price).

Black Cat

Matured Virginia
Cigarettes

10 for 4^{d.}

50 for 1/8
100 for 2/4



127 B

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

*Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.*

Vol. XXI. No. 554.

Week ending Saturday, January 13th, 1917.

One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—KAISER."

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Traitors at the Front.

Did you notice this sentence in Sir Douglas Haig's recent despatch: "On more than one occasion the enemy were aware of our intentions beforehand"? This cannot be a case of petticoats—unless the news leaks through the War Office!

No "Push" Yet!

Speaking of that despatch, have you also noticed that the Big Push hasn't yet begun, and that the only objects of the recent Offensive were to relieve Verdun, to keep German troops from leaving the West, and to wear down the enemy forces? In our ignorance, we thought that the Allies were making for Lille and Peronne!

Foreign Office—

When is Mr. Balfour going to begin with the broom? Officials with German wives or mothers must be cleared out of the Foreign Office.

And Admiralty.

Let "A. J. B." take his cue from Sir Edward Carson. There is to be no "naturalised" nonsense at the Admiralty.

The Next Inquiry.

Look out for the next Military Court of Inquiry in which civilians are concerned.

2nd Lieut. Barrett.

What compensation is to be given to this gallant young officer?

"A Baby."

According to the Rev. R. M. Kedward—who, as an Army Chaplain, has, we believe, done good work in the trenches—we "with all our brilliant genius and intellectual powers" are "just a mere baby in matters of religion," and "have no conception of the things which matter most." And all because we don't believe in foreign missions! We are afraid we shall never grow up!

Cheering Up the Hun.

We beg to direct the attention of the Attorney-General to a newspaper called the *Daily News*, which is pleading for a Peace Conference—on the ground that "if the Germans can stave off actual collapse over the coming year, they will have brought the Allies face to face with financial exhaustion. Bankruptcy would be ruin to the Allies." And so on. And this is the righteous journal which, at the outset of the war, suggested that Britain should stand aside, and thus capture the trade of the belligerents!

Watch Austria—

And Hungary—and Bohemia—and Italy.

Time the Trickster.

Surely the Allies are now able to deal with this arch-humbug? Perhaps, however, we shall "see something" after the Rome Conference.

Food Prices.

There is no need to worry. Just look at these prices, which ruled in Paris in 1870: Geese, £5 each; chickens, 29s.; cats, if thin, 6s.—if fat, 7s. 6d.; frogs, 2s. per pound; rats, 1s. 6d.

These Traitor Princes.

We beg, once more, to ask what has become of that "advice" which the late Premier is supposed to have tendered to the King to remove these traitors from the British peerage.

"H. B."

One of our readers favours us with a list of renderings of our initials—such as "Hefty Britisher," "Hun Beater," etc. But the one we like best is "Happy Bargee."

Hold Tight!

Would you like to read the inscription on the stamp pads now being distributed by the Government to the National War Savings Associations? Here it is: "*Pelikan—Daur-Stempelkissen.*" And this from the wrapper: "*Giftfrei, daher auch für Fleischbeschauer verwendbar Flach lagern.*"

Colonel Cornwallis-West.

Elsewhere we have some very plain words to say about the War Office scandal; but we desire, with sincerest respect, to offer our sympathy to Col. Cornwallis-West and his son—now the husband of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and formerly of Lady Randolph Churchill. Their position must of necessity be extremely painful, but we feel sure that they will place the public interest in front of all personal considerations.

"Business Brigands"

Such is the description of the new Cabinet by the *Licensed Vehicle Trades Record*. "Lord Rhondda, Arthur Henderson, John Hodge, G. H. Roberts, and W. Brace, and last, but not least, that arch-fiend Lord Devonport" are bracketed together as "some of the workers' most bitter enemies"; and then comes the suggestion that if only Ben Tillett and ourselves had been included, "what a haul the Devil would have had!" And we used to give up our rest to attend midnight meetings of the tram men!

Expect more German frightfulness. Sign our Free Zeppelin Insurance Coupon, page lii. of Cover.

"Crucifixion."

While of course "crucifixion" is an authorised field punishment in the British Army, we confess our surprise that General Haig should defend it. It is a crude and cruel barbarity, and the Army Council ought to have done with it. Punishment for indiscipline on active service is necessary, but the definition of punishment in English is not necessarily torture.

The Point of View.

According to a Berlin semi-official agency, "the German nation could, if it would, answer the phrases of the Entente over the history of the war and over the attitude and actions of Germany by a calm declaration of its point of view." What the Germhuns seem utterly incapable of understanding is that their point of view, realised in their deeds, has no place in humanity, liberty, or ethics, and cannot be allowed to have any place in the world's future civilisation. The Germhun point of view is the window of Hell.

Some Somme.

Sir Douglas Haig's despatch on the Somme operations is inspiring reading. Evidently if we could have started a month sooner we should have done a month better, and might not have had to leave Bapaume and Peronne for the Bochs to strengthen while we are at a dead stop. The devils have had all the best of the luck, as well as all the start of the organisation in this war. When the Kaiser and Bethmann "look at the War Map" six months hence they will probably recognise a difference.

The (In)Temperance Party.

Arthur Mee, the one-time purveyor of spoon-food for babes and sucklings, has become rabid for Prohibition, and has been delivered of a frenzied outburst, printed under the headings: "Drink the Traitor that Menaces Victory. Dawn of a Day Germany never Wished to See." In it he howls:—"It is coming . . . We see Goliath almost tottering down; though he will fall by steps and stages, by the stopping of supplies, or by 'control,' that will blind and throttle him." In those words the bloodless fanatics betray their underhandedness, the artful moves by which they hope to impose Prohibition upon a free people fighting for freedom. The sly lunatic needs most watching.

Aerial.

Let us hope the new Air Board will settle the differences between the Admiralty and the War Office, deliver the goods quickly, and let our flying boys get along with their job among the birds. Emphasising this necessity, there is a significant passage in Sir Douglas Haig's report. "I desire to point out," he says, "that the maintenance of mastery of the air, which is essential, necessarily entails a constant and liberal supply of the most up-to-date machines, without which the most skilful pilots cannot succeed." That is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. The Air Board must buck up, so that the Germhun aviators may be brought down.

"Penalties."

Mr. Charles Roden Buxton, of the Reform Club, and the *Daily News* are very much concerned because the British version of the Entente reply to the Germhun Peace Note introduces a "new word—penalties," into the British demands. Where the newness of the word comes in it is difficult to conjecture. Surely Mr. Asquith more than once pledged the nation to punish the authors of the Germhun war crimes? Have Mr. Buxton and the *Daily News* so soon forgotten, for instance, Nurse Cavell and Captain Fryatt? We certainly have not. To the full extent within her power, one of the conditions of Britain's Peace should be punishment. Punishment is the penalty of wrong-doing.

Oily Very.

An enlightening story comes from South America. We are supplied with the name of a steamship that was discharging a cargo of case oil, in the River Plate. When the cargo was supposed to be all out, there was a trifling deficiency of some thousands of cases. The captain, alleged to be a neutral, said there must be a mistake in his bill of lading, and offered a cheque for the missing oil. However, the consignee had the ship searched, when the passenger accommodation was found to be full of cases of oil. The yarn throws light on the supplies to German craft.

The Veiled Sneer.

A weekly journal that charges sixpence for itself should at least remember its manners. After registering the fact that Mr. Asquith is "at least" a gentleman, and that Mr. Balfour is the same, our contemporary proceeds: "The dickens of it is that in the conduct of this war that's just what—and that's just why LI—." Really, these things are very difficult to explain in print." The *By-stander*—who is the new Editor, by the way?—would find it difficult to explain its mean insinuation. Mr. Lloyd George's position and responsibilities demand protection from spiteful personalities, and the insult is none the less gross because it is but half-suggested.

Table d'Hote.

Some of these Bishops have a way with them. A few days ago, the men of the Park Royal Inspection Department had left work for dinner at 1 o'clock; at 1.30 they were informed that the Bishop of Kensington would address them on Immorality and Secret Diseases; and it was so. Several of the men had not finished their dinner when the Bishop started, and were right off their appetite by the time the prelate had finished. One wonders what the Bishops in Convocation would say if a British workman were to rush in while they were dining and announce that he would now proceed to address a few words to them on such a subject. The whole conception was, in the circumstances, disgusting and outrageous.

Talking Through his Hat.

Somebody calling himself a "Recruiting Officer" has written to the *Times* "strongly protesting" against increasing separation allowances to soldiers' wives. He says, generally, that the present allowances are so large that they lead to "extravagance, idleness . . . increased drunkenness." The wives buy "gold watches, fur coats, and gramophones." After those silly libels, he comes to particulars: "I met two women . . . husbands drew 20s. in wages; wives receive 26s." You have but to take the "Recruiting Officer's" own figures to prove his own inaccuracy. When the wife, out of 26s., has kept herself for a week, how much has she left for furs and gramophones?

Cross Purposes.

The new Government have started with a comedy about flour which has given the old Wait-and-Seers a lovely laugh and a scornful scowl. And, 'pon our word, we do not grudge them either. When one day the Director of the Diet announces, through the Press Bureau, that he has made certain concessions for a certain time with respect to stocks of white flour, and the next day the Director of the Diet announces, through the same channel, that he has done nothing of the kind, it is evident one of three things has happened: either the Press Bureau has gone out and got drunk, the Director of the Diet dunno where 'e are, or the Director of Agriculture and the Director of the Diet have had an unholy row, and the Director of Agriculture—having been knocked out for exceeding his limits—has decided not to interfere in the flour trade any more.

Huns in Man.

Huns interned in this country had a merry Christmas. Everything at Donington Hall was lovely; in the Isle of Man two hundred cwts. of sugar were turned into luxuries for Germhun prisoners, while "the large demand on their part for geese and turkeys increased the cost of these birds to the inhabitants." One of the members of the Douglas Town Council describes this as a gross scandal. Not to call a spade an agricultural implement—it's a damned shame.

"Substitution."

Some of the bishops, as conscientious objectors, are unselfishly taking the responsibility for the dearth of clerical Army recruits by asserting that many of the younger clerics are quite eager to join up, but their sense of ecclesiastical discipline restrains them. What about substitution by gramophone, the young curate's or vicar's lady to choose the records—and the light and shade of this beautiful and intelligent instrument being put in by the head choir boy? If desirable or necessary, the lady can be licensed by the bishop of the diocese to officiate—of course, at the lectern only—with some of her absent husband's old sermons.

Cycling in Jersey.

Mr. Vaudin, Magistrate, of Jersey, does not love cyclists. A lad of 16 was charged with "an infraction of the Law on Roads." While cycling he had collided with a small boy. The boy's father said the cyclist was riding on the wrong side. The cyclist, and two witnesses, swore he was on his correct side, riding moderately; the child was described as "flurried." Despite the evidence, the cyclist pays £1 15s., and must be "more cautious"—because, the wise beak announced, "whatever speed accused was going, there had been an accident"! Never mind who caused it—the wheelman pays. We shudder at what might happen to a nurse if a man fell against her perambulator.

Wanted More Destroyers.

Writing to us, a yacht patrol-boat man, with two years' experience, says, "You may as well set a snail to catch a hare as a yacht to catch a submarine." He maintains that both yachts and trawlers are now out of date for patrol work, and that to put an end to the Germhun submarine menace we must have torpedo boats and destroyers, and plenty of them. Another correspondent, "Late R.N.," urges the same thing, adding, "Without weakening our fighting flotillas, in a few months we could have flotillas based, say, on the Channel, in Scotland, and at Gibraltar and Malta for convoy duties alone." We cannot say what protective and aggressive anti-submarine measures the Admiralty have in hand; that with Admiral Jellicoe as their practical head they are giving due thought to the considerations here raised, we cannot doubt.

"Germhun Toys Sold Here."

A great many of the "patriotic" stores and shops have not been above turning an honest penny in Germhun toys this Christmas. For instance, a lady draws our attention to a shilling box of these playthings for children. "On examining the things at home," she says, "I discovered a small box of powder enclosed, on the cover of which was printed the following: 'Niesspulver. Eine Niesserspitz voll in die Stube geblasen bringt alle Anwesenden zum Niessen.' When selling me the box the assistant advised me not to give the sneezing powder to children, as she had opened the box herself and considered the stuff poisonous. Might not this be a new method of waging war?" We are not betting anything on that. What strikes us as peculiar is that these stores and shops take such an unconscionable time in getting rid of their old stocks of goods made in Germhuny.

Meanest of Thefts.

Here is another story of how soldiers are robbed—and not by the R.A.M.C. "Returning to our base after several days in a captured trench, I went to my pack. During my absence, fighting, it had been ransacked. My personal belongings were all gone, my wife's letters and daughters' notes trampled underfoot. Shaving outfit, socks, etc., were missing. And when I made my complaint, this was the answer I got from a Q.M.S.: 'Oh, we heard you were wounded and gone to Blighty!' It is an awful thought that the Army contains rascals who think they are justified in robbing a man because he is wounded.

Easy Isleworth.

Isleworth is a spot where exemptions seem easy to obtain, if the reasons advanced are at all plausible. Let us weigh some of those reasons. A sausage maker said he supplied the military and shops; he was gravely informed, "You have done your duty," and leave granted to appeal again for son. A poultry farmer pleaded that he collected wash from restaurants and a military centre, "thus working in the interest of public health." Four months exemption. Some nurserymen then considered themselves justified in appealing for their foreman, because they exported rhododendrons and fruit trees to America—also four months exemption and to register at the Labour Exchange!

German S.W. Africa Still

A newspaper from the Cape contains a letter throwing light on the conditions prevalent in the conquered territory of German South-West Africa. The writer served on the railway here for 18 months, after fighting in the campaign, and he states plainly that the country is "still German in the fullest sense of the word." He proves his case by many examples, showing how the Huns rule the roast in business and in positions of authority. One German he cites as wearing the King's uniform and drawing £4 monthly salary. The indignant writer has shaken the dust from his feet, and prefers coming here for more fighting.

"Commercials and Railway Fares"

In re-arranging railway fares the Railways Committee surely ought to make exceptions, or large concessions in the case of commercial travellers carrying on the internal trade of the country. On the present basis the fares are likely to knock small men, who pay their own expenses off the road altogether. In the case of those with the orthodox guinea-a-day expenses the increases will operate as a serious hardship. In some cases the firms will not, or cannot afford to allow the increase; in others they will probably halve it; and in still others the traveller will have to pay the whole of it himself or, in the alternative, throw up his job. Business travellers are a body of men who in these days ought to be encouraged to develop business as much as possible.

"What's Sauce for the Goose—"

As a specimen of nonsensical officialism it would be difficult to beat the Liquor Control Board's Order regarding the canvassing for and delivery of wines, spirits and beers for consumption in canteens and messes. A canteen, restricted to the use of Tommy, may be canvassed and supplied on credit; but the Board, in its wisdom, forbids the extension of these reasonable privileges to his officers' mess, and anyone who contravenes this mandate is subject to heavy penalties. The mess is, of course, practically the officers' club, but has not the same advantages in this respect as even the humblest workman's club. We confess we are unable to assign a reason for this extraordinary anomaly. The Board would do well to withdraw at once the annoying and humiliating restriction.

Belgian Glass.

In December last we lifted our eyebrows when relating how the Government was authorising the import of glass from Belgium while that land is in the occupation of the Hun. And we have details of other Belgian glass that comes to this country in a fashion perhaps more indirect, for it takes a trip through Holland before passing our Customs with a clean bill of health. The Board of Trade is very kind, but, as it should know at least as much of the matter as we do, it might make up its official mind whether it is actually the "Belgian" who benefits.

A Cozy Corner.

The Chairman of the Braintree (Rural) Tribunal is a curious sort of person to occupy the position. He was asked, "Have you a collection of conscientious objectors on your farm?" and replied, "Yes, I have six or seven." One of those Objects, conditionally exempted, admitted he had received a letter containing a draft of the Tribunal's decision in his favour, and the suggestion was made that he received it in advance of the decision. First he inquired if he "must" answer, and then he admitted he had received such a letter, but "could not remember" if it was before or after his appearance at the Tribunal. Altogether, Braintree seems a nice place.

"Empty Away."

It is pointed out that the Royal Naval Division man interned in Groningen, who recently told us that the British Government allowed the Dutch authorities only 5½d. per head per day for the feeding of men, is mistaken—the actual amount being 52 cents, equivalent in English money to 10½d. The mistake may have arisen through a misreading of the figures—"52c." being taken for "5½d."—but we gladly publish the correction, though still thinking that even the larger sum is quite inadequate, as, although the cost of living in Holland is less than it is here, it is still a good deal more than normal, and 10½d. a day obviously cannot provide our unfortunate compatriots with all the comforts they require.

In Memoriam.

Hats off, gentlemen! Somewhere at the Front is the grave of a parson—the Rev. E. J. R. Briggs Gooderham, Curate of Christ Church, Crouch End. Neither the advice nor the commands of the conscientious objectors who were his ecclesiastical superiors could prevent him from joining up at the outbreak of war as a combatant. For him it was "Onward, Christian soldiers," and quick march, too. He enlisted as a private, subsequently took up a commission, and left for the Front last October. The news now is that he is killed. He fought the good fight; he made a great sacrifice; and from his distant Fatherland we have faith that his soul will see the victory. Christ Church has indeed a memory to love and cherish.

Heroes of the Sea.

The papers have contained a sensational account of rescues from a flaming benzine ship, torpedoed by Germans and left to its frightful fate. One of our destroyers did grand work under a young Commander, and the highest praise is due to him. But that is no reason why the report should state: "Three steamers, all larger and tougher than the destroyer, were steaming along about a quarter of a mile away." It implies they were shirking their duty of rescue. But the Captain of one of them, "a plain old coasting skipper," repudiates the slur. He was "behind," because his speed was only 7 knots. But he did his bit. Less than 20 men were rescued—and he had 10 aboard. It is a fine story for both Navy and Mercantile Marine, but it is wrong to praise one at the expense of the other.

The Pay Corps' Mag.

From Woolwich comes a jolly little Service magazine, the *A.P.C. Mirror*. Its dominant note, just as it should be, is brightness, and there is not a headache in a page of it. But there is much fun, as when the origin of the Army Pay Corps is traced back to Julius Caesar; and also some satire, as witness this:—"Racing Result: Investigation Stakes: Tortoise, 1; Pension Officer, 2; won by a month." The Editor, Lance-Corporal Harry McCalla, uses his own pen to advantage, and produces a most merry monthly for the boys.

Dark Nights Before Us.

People who are becoming impatient of the darkened streets—and there are many who murmur—must put up a little longer with inconvenience. One reader, speaking of the toll of life and limb taken by the darkness, suggests it is greater than any loss inflicted by Zeppelins. That is an extravagance. While the air service asked for a shrouded city, it would be madness to shriek for "Lights up!" especially when the Hun is angered by the failing of his latest move and is meditating midnight murder more foul. We must do nothing to help him. When the air service can do anything to help us, we shall doubtless hear.

The Germhun Officer.

There is a certain spot (nameless for the present) where a number of Germhun officers suffer that comfortable form of detention which we call internment. The local butcher is under contract to supply weekly, for them, 2 bullocks, 9 sheep, and 2 pigs—all English grown. It is hateful to hear—continually—these stories of Germhun officers being treated as though they were gentlemen of honour. The Hun private is less to blame than his "superiors," for he is an ignorant brute who obeys orders, but the Germhun officer is a being who has deliberately devoted his life to cruelty, lust, oppression, murder, and "frightfulness."

War Profiteers.

In addition to Samuel's Watch Co., Ltd., whose methods we recently criticised, those of another firm bearing the same surname—Samuel's Stores, Ltd., of 34, Ludgate Hill—seem to call for comment; no wonder the well-known tradesman, H. Samuel, of Manchester, thinks it is necessary to ask customers to "observe the name over the door"! From Samuel's Stores, a few days ago, a reader purchased a small and somewhat trumpery petrol lighter, paying for it 2s., although before the war a similar article could have been obtained for from 4½d. to 6d. On getting it home he found that it was marked "Made in Germany." Doubtless the firm would reply to any inquiry that it is part of the stock purchased before the war—if so, the present price shows an unconscionable profit.

What the Boys Think

It has not surprised us to receive a protest, signed by a number of soldiers at the Front, against the attitude of people, often women, who pamper and admire German prisoners, saying what "fine fellows" they are. Our boys find it "galling to read of people subscribing for games and comforts for Baby-killers, when at the same time the lads out in France are fighting to defend those subscribers from all the horrors undergone by the women and children of Belgium and Northern France, and putting up with the awful conditions at present prevailing with a cheerful expression and never a grumble." No wonder these lads feel hurt when they find perhaps their own townfolk petting the interned Huns. Before buying gramophones or tobacco for Boches, let British people remember British boys who are fighting the brutes, and try to realise their feelings when reading of such mistaken and mischievous kindness.

"Everywoman's"—"the paper that is different." Every Tuesday, One Penny.

£ s. d.

The *City John Bull* has got together a staff of experts and is now in a position to deal with all inquiries relating to Financial and Insurance matters. So, if you are in any trouble—well, "write to the *City John Bull* about it."

Jack Sprat.

The humble, but appetising, sprat comes second only to the herring as a cheap and popular food, but the supply is being sadly, wickedly wasted. The fishing fleet at Alloa is busy catching sprats, mainly for London and the Midlands, but we seldom see the fish. It is not the fishermen's fault, but the railways. For some time past delay on the line has meant a lost market, and the fish is either condemned or does not realise enough to pay carriage. There is plenty of fish to be had—could we but get it.

The British Cook.

When a certain Liverpool liner was in Government hands, an English cook—for we need not insist on the word "chef"—was quite good enough. Now that the vessel is again on passenger service we learn that a gentleman of alien extraction rules the roast—and the boiled; the same fact applying to at least one other boat belonging to that line. The shore caterer is another gentleman who is foreign-born, and it does seem time that such important posts—afloat and ashore—were given to genuine Britons.

Fighters, Not Poulitice-Punchers.

A soldier-man thinks it is a mistake to pass conscientious objectors for non-combatant service, when fighters are wanted. "Give them rifle, bayonet, and equipment," he says, "train them, send them to the front, and then see if they won't lift a hand to defend themselves. The Army will cure them, if only the Government will give it the chance!" It is quite true that discipline and necessity will often turn a worm into a man; the truth is so evident that we are sure the authorities will fail to see it.

A New Aspect.

We criticised Egham Tribunal for allowing a man a second month to obtain munition work, he having been previously unsuccessful. In the light of fresh facts, we are now inclined to endorse the Tribunal's judgment. The man is 35, he has six children, all under 14, and his domestic circumstances make it certain that, should he go into the Army, they must go into the workhouse. Munition work is next best to Army service; when the man has it he will be able, helped by the biggest of his little ones, to keep the home going and save them the taint of pauperism. In facilitating this the Tribunal was not wrong, but wise.

Chance for a Poo-h-Bah.

Somebody who advertises in a Surrey paper yearns for "man to take entire charge, to look after between 30 and 40 pigs, to milk three cows, also eight acres of land, and fill up time in the evening at hay." Apart from the condition that he should milk the eight acres of land in addition to the cows, this job would evidently suit a man who really likes work and can spread himself about. He will probably earn good money—very good money, what there is of it.

Tripe and Stripes.

The law at Sheffield has established the precedent that warmed-up food is not freshly-cooked. This epoch-making discovery is credited to a policeman. Some daring shop-keeper had sold hot tripe after 8 p.m. It was made hot by being immersed in hot water—and, since then, the tradesman has also been in hot water, to the tune of 20s. We suppose it really is a terrible crime to sell tripe that is not freshly cooked, but only freshly heated, and no doubt the policeman who ran the offender to earth will meet with due reward. Nosing the tripe man may lead to a stripe.

How the War Began.

Down Ilfracombe way nobody inquires what caused the war. It happened because Alf. Price, of Ilfracombe, punched the Kaiser's nose and made it bleed. That devastating event occurred in 1878, when the Kaiser (then Prince Frederick William) was holidaying in Devon. One morning he started throwing stones at the bathing machines, the property of Alf's father. The lad told him to desist. "Do you know who I am?" asked Bill. "I don't care a dash who you are," retorted Alf. The Prince thereupon landed Alf. on the jaw, knocking him down, but he got up, punched the Kaiser's nose, tapping his claret, and they fought for twenty minutes. That's how the war commenced.

BULL among the Bullets.

The Boys love us as much as we love them, and they are always telling us things to keep us merry and bright. Here, as an example, is a lance-corporal of one of the Welsh Regiments, several times wounded, and now in hospital at Southmead, telling us how JOHN BULL circulates among the bullets. "I just want to say to you," the kindly fellow writes, "you would be highly amused if you had seen us gathered round JOHN BULL in such pleasant places as Mametz Wood and Contalmaison. I have since wondered what would have happened if I had been taken prisoner, because JOHN BULL has always been in one of my pockets when I have been over the top." We certainly do say some things about the Devil and his imps which might compromise our friend's position if the Germhuns get hold of him!

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"SHEFFIELD TELEGRAPH AND STAR" (advertisement):—

"Situation Wanted as Housekeeper to working man, WHERE COULD HAVE SMALL BABY GIRL."

"DERBYSHIRE TIMES":—

"The present from the BRIDE TO THE BRIDEGROOM WAS a set of black fox furs, and from the BRIDEGROOM TO THE BRIDE a soda syphon backer."

"ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY HERALD":—

"Rioters are LOOTING shops where there is NOTHING TO LOOT."

REV. W. F. HUNTER (writing to the *Birmingham Daily Mail*):—

"THROUGH THE KINDNESS OF YOUR READERS we have children, badly clothed, undersized, and anæmic-looking."

"RED LETTER":—

"THE CROWN PRINCE WON. That is the tragedy of young Hochberg's life in THREE words."

"DIAMOND FIELDS ADVERTISER" (In Memoriam announcement):—

"In memory of ———, who passed away to INTERNAL rest on the 30th November, 1905."

"NORTH BUCKS TIMES":—

"A man employed at lime works, 81, single, the ONLY SON . . . also applied for exemption. . . . His only BROTHER is in the Army."

"NORTH-EASTERN DAILY GAZETTE":—

"The line will now make it possible to transport goods from the Murman coast to Petrograd IN TWO YEARS all the year round."

"MANCHESTER GUARDIAN":—

"A gamble with death in the Strand . . . should be quite as enthralling as a hair-breadth 'scape on the plains of Texas, even though the gambler wears a top-hat INSTEAD OF sheepskin trousers."

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. the Earl of Derby, Minister of War.

DEAR WAR MINISTER,—Has your Lordship seen the case of Corporal C. A. Jarvis, V.C.? He was in the Royal Engineers, received his V.C. "for great gallantry at Jenappes—in working for 1½ hours under heavy fire in full view of the enemy, and in successfully firing charges for the demolition of a bridge"—was drafted for munitions work at home a year ago, and now, with a service of a few months short of the eighteen years which would qualify him for a long-service pension, he alleges he has been suddenly given his discharge from the Army by the civilian manager of the works where he is employed. Not only does this deprive him of his pension, he says, but it puts him in the position of being called up as a conscript if he does not remain on munitions work. If the facts are as stated, they are indeed extraordinary. What is the manager of the works doing with Army discharges in his pocket to distribute in this way? And why should a gallant soldier, who has served his country so long and so well, be presented with one of them a few months before his pension matured? Is this another instance of official war economy at other people's expense, or is it sheer robbery?

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Sir Albert Stanley, President of the Board of Trade.

DEAR SIR ALBERT,—I have some complaints as to the sale of coal in the streets of the poor. One reader, for instance, tells me that poor people, even those who somehow or other scrape together the money to pay the trolley-man's price of 2s. a hundredweight, are supplied only if they are "regular customers." The result is that "a newcomer in a mean street was unable in the bitter cold a fortnight ago to obtain coal except through the charity of a neighbour." The poor, as you are aware, are compelled frequently to change their abode; thus it is that many of them are refused coal by the trolley-men, on the instructions of employers, when most they need it. I am informed that the trolley-men refused to sell coal to a hardworking woman with a paralysed husband and a tuberculous son. "A lady sent this person to her own coal merchant, with the money in her hand to pay for half-a-ton, but the order was refused on the same grounds as that given by the trolley-men—she was not a regular customer. The lady herself had not had any difficulty in obtaining coal." Do see what you can do about it!

JOHN BULL.

To Bishop Taylor Smith, Chaplain-General to the Forces.

DEAR BISHOP,—I am all for breaking down what you call the boundary walls which separate the Churches, but until you and those who have influence in the religious world talk more common sense to the people, I am afraid you will never reconcile the man in the street to the jargon of the cleric. Only the other day you told a meeting of the Evangelical Alliance that we had failed to win the war because there had not been enough praying. These are your words: "We promised to pray, but we did not pray; and the enemy prevailed." It is that sort of language which makes sane men angry; and evidently another speaker at your meeting, Dr. Campbell Morgan, saw through the hollowness of such talk, for he spoke of "the incipient blasphemy which often lurked in our thinking that God was British"! Think that over.

JOHN BULL.

To Colonel Theodore Roosevelt.

DEAR "TEDDY,"—You have a wonderful knack of hitting the nail on the head. As I should confidently have expected, you are mightily indignant with our friend Wilson in regard to his peace proposals, which seem to you "not only dangerous but profoundly mischievous"; while, coming to the actual terms of the note, you describe the assertion that "both sides seem to be fighting for the same thing" as a statement "palpably wicked and false." This is not the soft parlance of diplomacy, but it is the language of truth and candour—and, not for the first time, the Allied cause is indebted to your powerful moral aid.

JOHN BULL.

To Lord D'Abernon, Herr von Schneckenstein and Co., Central "Uncontrolled Board," London.

MY LORD AND GENTLEMEN,—Simultaneously with the issue of your new Regulation forbidding whisky, brandy, rum, or gin to be sold unless reduced 30 degrees under proof, and authorising their sale at even 50 degrees under, the proprietors of brand whiskies announce an increase of present prices by sixpence a bottle. If this charming union of hearts between the pump and the distillery is continued a little while longer, I am confident the Prime Minister will have no further need to consider either the question of Prohibition or State Control; we shall all get so used to gathering at the fountain where the limpid waters flow that the hostellers will put up their shutters, the distillers will retire to their marble halls, and the clubs will be no more. When a month or two hence you have brought down whisky to 95 under proof, and the distillers have raised it to 15s. a bottle, millionaires will buy it to bathe in, and the last of the old dispensation—asked 2s. 6d. per spoonful at his favourite bar—will turn away from Boniface with withering scorn, and set his nose towards the bedroom water bottle at home. Bless you, bless you for your efforts.

JOHN BULL.

To the Chairman of Magistrates, Windsor.

DEAR CHAIR,—In cautioning two ladies for pushing their prams side by side through the streets of Royal Windsor, you let the remark drop that "it was a great nuisance, and people had no right to push even one perambulator on the pavement." As the pram is a wheeled vehicle, your law may be correct; but your common sense is woefully to seek. Do you seriously advise mamma to push her mailcart in the road? Because, if so, I can see the rising generation cut off before it has a chance to rise any—not even in the flower of its youth, but in the bud of its babyhood. Some of you Magistrates do say the most stupid things—especially before lunch—but I often wonder if you are not sorry for your lapses when you see them in print. I am desired to ask if you are an old bachelor; whether you were ever pushed in a pram; and if you were raised in an incubator or a rabbit hutch. But I would not put such rude questions to you.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Rev. J. A. Kempthorne, D.D., Bishop of Lichfield.

DEAR MY LORD,—The future of the Church cannot be wholly without hope when a Right Rev. Father in God expresses to a Diocesan National Mission Council, as you have done, that the judicial machinery of the Church is unworkable, that the endowments need radical adjustment, and that "the position of Bishops, with the big establishments they have to keep up and the large incomes those establishments require, is a real stumbling block." Open confession is good for the soul of man; if the other Bishops will get along with it as you have done, and apply the remedies it suggests, it will probably be good also for the body of the Church. Why not try to arrange a meeting in order to settle these matters? Procrastination is the thief of time.

JOHN BULL.

To W. Sheepshanks, Esq., Chairman, West Riding Quarter Sessions.

DEAR SIR,—Your remarks the other day concerning the increase in juvenile crime at Leeds were so sensible as to merit more attention than is usually paid to pronouncements of the kind. You did not put all the blame on the picture palaces—"while," as you said, "their influence generally found receptive ground in boys who had a tendency to lawlessness, in a great many cases the picture palace was an influence for good." You made two practical proposals: a wider use of the birch rod—raising the age from 14 to 16, and finding a healthy outlet for boyish energies in Scout and Cadet Corps. Give the youngsters a love for drilling and soldiering and we shall hear less and less of their "crimes." Boys will be boys until you make men of them.

JOHN BULL.

JANUARY 13TH, 1917.

JOHN BULL.

EASY!



MORE GRIT, LESS GREECE.

STRONG MEN DO THINGS; WEAK MEN TALK ABOUT THEM.

BY A. G. HALES.

GREECE is still the bugbear of the Allied armies; month after month goes by and all our efforts in the Balkans are rendered abortive by the trickery of the Greeks. This state of affairs ought to have been brought to an end many months ago; we are only creating fresh complications by delay. Let us once and for all "cut the cackle and get to the 'osses." There must be no talk of pulling our forces out of the Middle East—our duty to ourselves is to strengthen our armies in that direction; and, if my voice carries any weight with the powers that be, let me urge upon them the desirability of strengthening at once our army there by not less than a further million men; no more dribbles, but a sound, strong, and well-equipped force. It is all very wise and wonderful to quote Napoleon's saying regarding the splitting up of armies—mere isolated paragraphs from the great Corsican's utterances do not convey his meaning clearly, and writers who quote odd extracts know it. When it was necessary for him to do so, no general, ancient or modern, was more ready to divide his forces in order to operate on many fronts at once, and so puzzle and mystify his opponents. I note with great amusement that the writers who to-day are hurling the Corsican at our heads were only a little time back shrieking in print that neither he, his wars, nor his utterances had any bearing upon the war of to-day, because the conditions had altered beyond all comparison!

Another Million for Salonica.

We want that other million men in Salonica for many reasons. Firstly, we want to overawe this tricky and utterly unreliable people, and compel them to disarm their troops—for we can never trust them to operate with us in the field. We must not waste another hour over such a step. Lord Grey of Falloden fooled away golden hours and priceless opportunities, and the Asquith Government permitted him to do it. He was a sweet and kindly gentleman, but utterly unfitted to hold office in turbulent war days. Mr. Balfour, who has taken his place, is also a refined and polished gentleman, but we shall see water-lilies blooming in Hell before the Greek question is satisfactorily settled if it is left in his hands. Mr. Balfour is walking step by step in Lord Grey's footprints. We hear of the same old "notes," the same superlatively clever academic discussions—but nothing is done. Why was it necessary to put Mr. Balfour in such a position? There is in the Parliamentary life of Britain many a man who has not been given a chance though possessing the necessary qualifications of downright dogged determination for cleansing up the wretched Grecian muddle—men overlooked, men who are chained like dogs to the kennel of circumstance through the operation of our obsolete Party system of Government. If Kitchener were alive to-day and had the power, he would settle the Greek business in a few hours; he had no subtlety and did not deal in finesse, but he went to the root of a matter as an eagle goes to its eyrie. Do you remember what he said to General Cronje at Paardeberg, when the old Boer leader requested three days to consider the British demand for surrender? Kitchener looked at his wrist-watch, then square into Cronje's eyes. "I'll give you an hour to make up your mind," said he; "if you haven't made up your mind then"—he moved his hand towards the British bayonets—"well, these shall decide." Cronje made up his mind well within the hour; so would King Tino in less time than that if he had Kitchener in front of him—aye, or if he had such a man to deal with

as Sir Charles Napier, the conqueror of Scind. It is weak men, not criminals, who make tragedies in great crises, and we may blunder into a tragedy in Greece if we go on playing with the situation. The nation expects Mr. Lloyd George to act quickly and fairly, by sending a million more soldiers and *one man who has a heart of ice and a hand of iron.*

Our Stake in the Middle East.

Only parochial minds want us to confine our efforts to the Western front; it is the gospel of men who have no horizons. This is a world's war, and we must keep a grip on the world—all the big prizes will come from the East, and are we, who have found the money and piled up debts, that will hang around our necks like a mill-stone unless we watch our own interest, to get nothing out of the settling-up? Russia is going to get Constantinople and the Dardanelles, and hold the land-gate to the Far East. If we are not strong in the Middle East when peace comes, we shall have practically nothing with which to bid for what should be our rightful share of the good things resting in the lap of peace. Belgium must go back to the Belgians, Northern France to the French. Poland must be free. Where, then, do we come in unless we are the dominant factor on one bank of the Dardanelles whilst the Russians hold the other? I believe in fighting for ideals but—I like my pay as well, and so does every one else if he would only drop cant and humbug. And we can command our price in accordance with our power and prestige in the Middle East, and only on that basis—that is why so many varied influences have been at work to safeguard Greece at *Great Britain's expense*. If the war is carried to a proper conclusion Britain, France and Russia will decide the fate of the Middle East between them. Italy has aspirations in a different direction, and her claims can be allowed. The chance Mr. Lloyd George now has of proving himself a giant belittles everything that has come in the way of one man since Alexander the Great was at his zenith. If he neglects the Middle East he will lose the pearl and garner the shell—and pearl-shell never does more than pay expenses.

The Only Card in the Pack.

Greece is not the end of our movement in the Middle East; it is only the jumping-off place—but we cannot advance and leave that enemy in our rear. We must disarm the Greeks and commandeer their navy and so on, and take the whole of Macedonia down to the waters of the Bosphorus. We threw Gallipoli away; Greece is the only card left in the pack for us. Play a strong hand in Greece and push on our armed forces, and we can come out rich in spoils won from Germany and covered with glory—for we shall stand co-equal with Russia and France, joint masters of the world. In the final settlement of things our flag should wave for ever over Greece and the Greek islands—not that we need them, but as a guarantee to unborn generations that there shall be no more treachery against humanity in the vicinity of the Ægean Sea. The Greek cup is full; the people are no longer the people of Thermopylæ; they are decadent and undone. Their history during the last hundred years has been one long sordid story of intrigue, treachery, and cowardice. They stand in the path of the world's progress almost as much as the Turks have done, and both must go. God knows, we and the rest of the Allies have given them opportunities enough to act like men. But it is not in them—all that was bad in their natal outfit they have kept; all that was good they have divorced. They still have the Pyrrhic dance; "where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone"?

INSULT TO A FALLEN SOLDIER.**A FATHER, A PHOTOGRAPH, AND MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD.**

A very bitter and distressing charge awaits an answer from Mr. Ramsay Macdonald. It comes from his own constituency, Leicester, where the incidents relating to it have been made public, without disguise. It seems that a Leicester gentleman was on the platform of the Midland station in that city, about to catch the London train. Only a few days previously he had been officially informed that his son had been killed in France while fighting for King and Country. So, seeing the sinister figure of Mr. Macdonald on the same platform, he took in his hand the photograph of that dead son, and, showing it to Leicester's M.P., said, "Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, these are the lads who have fought and died for such traitors as you." It was an embittered remark, voicing a father's anger and reproach, but one would have expected Mr. Macdonald to have had heart enough to respect a parent's grief, and to offer a word of consolation and sympathy. But it was not so. That worthy Member of Parliament merely replied, "More d— fool him!" It was a cruel retort, heartless in the extreme, doubly unfeeling when made to a bereaved father, even though that father, in his sorrow and anguish, had dubbed the man who uttered it a traitor. There are other fathers, and mothers too, lonely now because of this war, who will not forget that on Leicester railway platform Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, M.P. for Leicester, dared to speak in insulting terms of a lad who died nobly.

A TRANSPORT INDICTED.**DISGRACEFUL CONDITIONS OF LIFE IN PORT.**

We should like to know the names of the officers responsible for the dreadful conditions prevailing over Christmas on a certain transport in an English port. 4,000 men were packed on the boat on the Friday before Christmas, and were still there some days afterwards. The food was "awful—not enough for a child." The Christmas dinner consisted of a small piece of fat meat and one potato. The canteen opened occasionally; when it did, there was a free fight to buy food. On Boxing Day the men went ashore for a route march, but were not allowed to purchase anything. They were halted for a rest in a side-street, and the people, taking pity on them, came out with cake and sandwiches and apples. Half-starved men struggled in the street to get hold of something to eat. On the boat there were no arrangements for washing or drying clothes, while it was almost impossible to get a wash and a shave. The lavatory arrangements are indescribable in print. It is a wonder that the men are not down with disease already. And this, be it understood, is life on board a "trooper" in an English port! There can be no possible excuse for such shocking treatment, for days on end, of good men gone to do their bit. We suppose the boat has sailed by now, and the men are probably enjoying the comparative comfort of the trenches.

THOSE ARMY BOOTS.**ALL OUR CHARGES ADMITTED AND ACKNOWLEDGED.**

The *Shoe and Leather Record* has not apologised for permitting in its columns an accusation against us of "sheer ignorance" when we said the Army discarded its boots before they were worn out. But they admit that the Government has opened a depot in Leeds for the reception of half-worn boots, and that already more than a million pairs have been received there. The same paper also prints an advertisement of an auction sale of "12,000 pairs of old Army boots, suitable for wear after repair," so we think that the apology to us is rather overdue. Another journal, the *Shoe and Leather News*, took a hand in the game, but has had to make a quick climb down. It quoted our remarks about Army boots, saying, "Now, JOHN, you are wrong; the Army repairs its own boots. . . . JOHN, for once, is on a very lame case." In two weeks that journal ate the leek, acknowledging it had "assailed a contemporary," but "since then had made enquiries" (which should have been made first) and, of course, found we were right and it was wrong. But the *Shoe and Leather News* had not the decency to mention our name when confessing its error.

ABSENCE FROM SCHOOL.**A HARSH ATTENDANCE CASE AT LEYTONSTONE.**

We have space for no more than a tithe of the cases reported to us in which, especially since the war, the harsh administration of School Attendance Regulations has been productive of serious hardship. For example, take the case of a Leytonstone woman, recently summoned at the Leyton Police Court in respect of the irregular school attendance of her daughter, a girl of 12. It seems that the child's father is an inmate of a lunatic asylum, the mother having five young children to support on a total income of 23s. 10d. a week, consisting mainly of parish relief. Each Wednesday morning it had been necessary for her to visit the Leytonstone Workhouse to draw her allowance and to receive a weekly dole of bread, and in these circumstances she had felt justified in keeping the girl at home to look after the younger children. Then, again, the child's health had been by no means satisfactory—medical certificates to this effect were forthcoming—and there was evidence to show that she had hardly ever been kept away from school unless with a valid excuse. In all the circumstances, we were strongly of opinion that no summons should ever have been issued, and we took steps to ensure that the whole of the facts should be laid before the magistrates, with the result that the information was dismissed upon payment of 4s. costs. At the same time, an order was made for the child's regular attendance, but it is to be hoped that for the future this may be interpreted with a more reasonable and humane regard to the unfortunate circumstances of the case.

"TIED LIKE SIAMESE TWINS."**ONE BROTHER TAKEN AND THE OTHER LEFT.**

Sturdy common sense has distinguished Lord Kimberley's chairmanship of the Norfolk Appeal Tribunal, and in the recent case of two brothers who appeared to be in competition to escape military service he made very short work of the one who, after being chosen by the Tribunal, pleaded that he was a conscientious objector. They were both married, and their business was that of millers and bakers at Stalham. It turned out that the elder brother, a B1 man, was taken and the younger, an A1 man, exempted—although the former contended that he could look after the business if his brother was taken. "We are like Siamese twins," he said, but the Tribunal found no difficulty in separating them. It is not pleasant to find two brothers, partners in business, placed in such a position, but in war one had to go. However, when the B1 man, finding that he had been selected for the Army, suddenly put in his plea as a conscientious objector, Lord Kimberley immediately ruled out both his conscience and his objection, because they were not mentioned in the appeal. The Chairman, in our view, was quite justified in placing no value on this sudden qualm of conscience, and the elder brother left the court, if a sadder and a wiser man, at the same time a potential fighting man.

"OH, YOU BEAUTIFUL DOLL!"**VAUGHAN & HEATHER AT THEIR OLD TRICKS AGAIN.**

Any reader of JOHN BULL who deals with Vaughan & Heather, Ltd., the notorious Brighton concern, will naturally exercise great caution, in view of our frequent exposures of their methods. Their "latest" is the offer of a "Charlie Chaplin Unbreakable Lifelike Large Rag Doll. Well Stuffed, 16 inches tall." The price is "only 9d., post 3d." Whoever sends the shilling will get in exchange a travesty of a rag doll—inasmuch as it is not stuffed with rags at all, but straw. The bowler hat is not a separate piece, as the tempting illustration depicts, nor is the stick—both being merely printed; whilst, although it is stated that "you must laugh whenever you see it," it will probably be on the other side of your face—to think that you should have been so foolish as to have sent a shilling for an article worth at the outside twopence or threepence. The chagrin of any one who falls into the trap is not decreased by the fact that the postage, instead of being threepence, is only twopence-halfpenny, the extra halfpenny being apparently charged for the piece of newspaper in which the sorry apology is wrapped up, like a bloater or a piece of fried fish!

GERMANY CAN PAY!

SOME FACTS WORTH REMEMBERING—WHEN PEACE COMES.

By G. W. LOCKETT.

(While the writer puts forward interesting facts and inferences as to the monetary conditions in Germany, his opinions must be regarded as entirely his own, and not necessarily endorsed by us.)

SIX million pounds a day! Well might we ask where the money goes to! But I would endeavour to prove that that money is not lost; I would attempt to show that it has not vanished in shot and shell, but returned again from the Treasury to the tax-payer; I would conclude that the financial resources of any country remain in the aggregate the same, and would assert that the assumption that Germany will be left bankrupt is a fallacy. I trust I can inspire optimism in the minds of those who fear a huge new addition to the National Debt. We know of the prosperity of the Midland munition factories; special representatives have reported upon the industrial welfare of Lancashire and Yorkshire. Miners are mentioned as making good wages: colliery owners are called cads for profiting by war conditions. Armament firms are earning big dividends; millers, too, have never known such well-paying times. Northampton is turning out thousands of army boots; the working man has never been so well-off before. We have heard few tales of woe, and dire distress has not yet been experienced. The lower classes have no cause whatever to blame the Great War; vast numbers of deserving people have had the privilege of billeting soldiers—they get well paid for it; the extra cost of living is returned to them by the excess of the Government billeting allowance over the cost of feeding the men. Others, again, have war bonuses—so all are satisfied. The young girl who before the war lived at home is now very well paid at her new work. Clerks, also, have overtime which recompenses them for dearer commodities; if the full pre-war staffs had been employed no overtime would have been necessary. The proportion of the population that has been hard hit by the war is indeed remarkably small.

Money versus Munitions.

Every time a big gun is fired pounds are spent in smoke; for every shell that leaves the munitions works pounds are spent in wages! A battleship is torpedoed; surely, you say, the amount of money that boat represented has gone for ever to the depths of the sea! No, the loss of that vessel sends a fresh order to Tyneside or Belfast. Labour, remember, is productive upon whatever it is engaged; whether it is moulding machine-guns or printing peace tracts, its work is paid for just the same. A revolver bullet fired by "Tommy" does not represent a silver bullet lost, but the return to the soil of part of the mineral wealth of the land. The wealth of a nation is reckoned in the amount of gold possessed by it as a whole; whether that money is in the hands of the few or the many is immaterial. The greater part of the various great War Loans has returned again to the pockets of the people, and is waiting to be once more raked in by a benevolent heavy interest-paying Exchequer! If this state of things goes on, will not eventually a monetary socialism descend upon the world? Will not millions of pounds continue to be paid out for labour, and will not labour profit by this war? Will not the workers receive princely emoluments, and will not the working man be contented and glad? And as someone has said that the working man is the nation, so shall the whole of Britain profit. The Government pays out to the contractor, the contractor pays out to the workman; the workman spends his earnings on pleasures and comforts; the middle-classes profit by providing these wants, and some of the gains are taken from all in taxes. And so the finance goes round; the wealth of the country is turned over

millions of times, but not a fraction is lost—it has only passed into the possession of somebody else.

Large Money Indemnity.

So much, then, for our own land. Now, how about Germany? It has been stated that it is vain to expect a large money indemnity from the enemy. I refute that statement. It has been said she will spend every coin she has ere she gives in. Perhaps she will; but this is what I retort: Where will she spend it? Her external trade has been closed—the Huns can circulate their money only amongst themselves. GERMANY IS AS WEALTHY NOW AS SHE WAS AT THE BEGINNING OF THE WAR—only the money, instead of being in the War Chest or in the vaults of the German banks, is in the hands of the German people individually, or has been paid in again to her Government. The huge Hunnish gold reserve has not been placed in the mouths of the seventeen-inch howitzers and blown into space—it has been paid out for production, and is to this day in that despicable mid-European Empire! Millions of marks must be there still, waiting to be wrested from the vanquished!

There's Gold for the Victors!

There is nothing fantastic about this theory—its truth is perfectly obvious. Money is merely a nominal thing that changes hands continually, in return, principally, for labour; and it is no more possible for bullion to be blasted away and be gone for ever than it is for the Kaiser to capture Calais. We have read of the old-time witch who by evil arts caused the miser's gold to turn to dust. Such things do not happen nowadays; that German gold must still exist, for our fleet has prevented any leaving the country. Then we need not have any fear—Germany will be able to satisfy the Allies. The German people have sung the Hymn of Hate; from the German people shall be demanded complete reparation. They may bury their treasure in their dirty earth, but in the end we will dig it out! They will moan that they have no money, but no answer can be given to the question—Where then has the money gone? Yes, in the German homes is the money that shall rebuild Belgium and save Serbia; it is when we touch the German in his pocket that he will reflect bitterly as to why he went to war. The more money there is in a country, the more prosperous shall that country be; we will extort the gold from Germany and so wax greater ourselves! In the "war after the war" that is being so much talked about we must take care that the enemy has no capital to work upon. So let us go on with renewed vigour. Press on to the goal! There's GOLD for the victors! Germany can pay us! Let us make her!

"Economic Fallacies."

I know that these views will be regarded with scorn and derision by Political Economists, but, as Mr. Bottomley recently said, "Damn Political Economy; there is no such science!" All that happens in war time is that instead of producing permanent wealth by the labour of the people—such as houses, roads, bridges, railways, etc.—we produce shot and shell and guns; but the labour involved in the work is paid for just the same, and the gold remains just as it did before—to command other labour after the war. There is, therefore, whatever the dreary pessimists may say, a good time coming for the workers, and also for the capitalists. The Old Country is not played out; time will show how great and productive is her vitality.

MANSLAUGHTER—OR WORSE.

A WORD TO THOSE WHO ARE LOVED BY MEN WHO FIGHT.

By "Doc."

(This article, written by an eminent Army Doctor, will appeal to all who realise how necessary it is to pay the tenderest regard to the feelings of those who are fighting, and particularly those who are lying in hospital. The writer deals with a very human subject in true sincerity.)

Many tales have been told of the heroism and endurance of our troops, and many doctors have written their experiences with wounded officers and men; but there is just one side of the question which has struck me, a surgeon, as being of intense human interest, and that is the difference in tenacity of life in wounded men. Other things being equal, why is it that one man will struggle through and live, whilst another, with a like severity of wound and an equal amount of shock and exposure, will die? It is a question of Faith, of Hope, and of Charity. During the last two years I have dealt with large numbers of wounded straight from the firing line. When these men die in my hospital my duty is to collect their effects and send them to their "next-of-kin." Now, it has been deemed wise that their lotters should be scrutinised before sending them home—this is done in no spirit of curiosity, but merely as a duty, and in some cases as a precaution against the pain of bereavement being accentuated by the added pain of disappointment and loss of trust. It has been found, on many occasions, when a man has succumbed to his wounds who should, from a surgical standpoint, have recovered, that there has been some worry, some hurt from a loved one, some lack of Faith destroying Hope, and making Charity—which is Love—seem far off or lost. Then it is that the will to live, the reason for living, is gone; Faith is bruised, Hope is non-existent, and Love—the greatest of all things—has vanished. Many instances could be quoted

which would prove my contention, and show those at home who have the responsibility of keeping the fires of Faith and Hope burning brightly out here, how very real, how hideously pressing is their duty not to endanger the lives of those who love them by any written word which may prove an occasion for distrust. A most striking case was that of a young officer, seriously wounded by a piece of shell; it was necessary to amputate his leg, but it seemed that he should do well. Everything was in his favour—youth, physique, no great loss of blood, etc.—but he just would not get better; he turned his face to the wall and died; poor boy! Then came the sorry process of going through his effects. There were just two letters in the left breast pocket of his jacket, both in the same girl's handwriting, both written within ten days of his death—the first saying in effect, "Yes, I will marry you"; the second, written five days later, saying, "I have changed my mind." This is only one of many similar instances. Take away a man's Faith and Hope in a future where Love is to reign, and you rob him of the wish to live. The greatest doctor in this world cannot combat that curious condition of apathy and lack of resistance which originates in misery and frequently ends in death. Leave your men Faith and Hope and they can fight for their country cheerfully, and, if need be, for their own lives sturdily; remove these by some perhaps thoughtless word, and you may possibly be guilty of Manslaughter—or worse.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY THE "BOW-WOW."



Although an ogre he appears,
The timid fare need have no fears;
For, after all, he's hard to beat
For safety in the darkened street.



He draws £2,000 a year
At the Imperial expense—
Which makes the sleepy job appear
An easy road to affluence!



Whilst Hindenburg may shout for peace
When he is beaten in the fight,
Sir Douglas Haig must never cease
To hammer him with left and right.



The new-made Emperor would free
Himself from German incubus;
The Sulcan views the scene with glee—
Which shows that things shape well for us.



These travelling restrictions are
Unjust in more respects than one—
How can they ever win the war,
Or help to load a single gun?



Ah, petticoats! What baneful power
A woman scorned exerts—to ban,
In Britain's war-time's darkest hour,
The progress of a virtuous man!

THERE has been a strange collapse of Press interest—at any rate, on the part of the daily papers—in the abominable Cornwallis-West case; and were it not for the fact that we know the journalistic world to be immune from social influences, we should almost suspect that the “hidden hand” of Society had been at work to suppress comment upon one of the foulest bits of War Office scandal which has ever come to light. We of JOHN BULL, however, have no intention of remaining silent. We call upon the Attorney-General to secure for this ancient Social beauty the same punishment as that which would be meted out to any humbler woman found guilty of grave misconduct—including perjury. We call upon the Government for the removal from the War Office of Sir John Cowans; and, with great respect, upon the King for the dismissal from the Army of both that officer and Lieut.-Col. Delmé-Radcliffe. There is no time to be lost. Unless public opinion makes itself heard, the whitewash brush will pass over a dark—and dirty—business; those who conspired to do a grievous wrong to an honest young soldier will go unpunished, and the public confidence in the good faith and incorruptibility of the War Office will be sorely shaken. Without doubt the honour of every young officer in the British Army to-day—no longer a professional but a citizen Army—is in the keeping of the public. It is our business to see that those who would trifle with good names and tamper with clean characters are made to suffer for their offences, and to put an end, once and for all, to Society back-stair influence in high places.

A Network of Intrigue.

This case of 2nd Lieut. Barrett, and the sordid and discreditable circumstances surrounding the attempts to break this junior officer and to degrade him in the eyes of his comrades, have revealed such a network of intrigue, so sinister a display of petticoat influence, and such an astounding readiness on the part of men holding high positions to abuse their power and office at the bidding of a woman, that nothing will satisfy the justice of the case, or restore public confidence, until the King and the Prime Minister shall have made a clean sweep of all those who cannot resist feminine importunities, and the law is allowed to take its course where false evidence has been offered in the attempt to hide discreditable conduct. Unless a striking example is made of the wicked woman of Ruthin Castle, those who are accustomed to use the influence of sex to interfere with Army administration will be given to understand that the worst penalty is being found out, and that even a deliberate and sustained attempt to vent feminine spite upon a young man, because he preferred his profession to poetry and doing his duty to dallying in “flower” boudoirs, involves no worse punishment than a few words of mildly-phrased censure. Do not let this be forgotten—that young Lieutenant Barrett would to-day be suffering all the misery of mind, all the bitterness of spirit, which unjust punishment brings, but for the action of my lamented friend, the late Sir Arthur Markham, who used his influence with the old Government to secure a full inquiry into the matter. As it was, the treatment Barrett received led, we believe, to an attempt at suicide. The story of the young man's conduct in circumstances

THE WICKED WOMAN

MRS. POTIPHAR'S PERJURY—SIR JOHN COWANS

By THE EDITOR

which were well calculated to test the mettle and the moral of any man, is one which ought to be told in full. The early attempts to hush up the case, the mystery which was allowed to surround the setting up of the inquiry, the whispered names in the Parliamentary lobby, and now the suppression of all the details on which the Court has based its findings, leave an unpleasant flavour.

Acted Like a Man.

Lieut. Barrett, from the beginning to the end of this miserable business acted, as the findings show, like a man—from the day when, as a wounded Tommy, he attracted the unwelcome attentions of Mrs. Cornwallis-West to the writing of the letter which gave her her dismissal and brought down upon his honourable head the anger of a woman scorned. It was promised in the House of Commons that the letters in the case would be published. Why has that promise been falsified? Mr. Macpherson, the Under-Secretary for War, stated as recently as December 22nd: “It may be necessary, in order to make them [the findings] thoroughly intelligible, to add a short synopsis of events which led up to the inquiry, and also to publish in extenso letters to which reference is made in the Report.” But attempt has been made to suppress the letters which passed between Mrs. Cornwallis-West and Lieut. Barrett. Why? What was the charge against Lieut. Barrett which his Colonel regarded as of such a character that he had him transferred to another battalion without giving the accused officer an opportunity of defending himself? We know the charge was a lie; we know that everything the angry and aged beauty alleged against him was false; we know that she set in motion all the machinery that personal friendship and Society influence could furnish to wreak her vengeance. Those letters are vital for an understanding of the measure of her guilt.

What was Barrett's Offence?

Picture Barrett's position when he came under the “influence” which—ordinary sergeant though he had been—he knew how to resist, an influence to which older and better educated men—men of high military rank—succumbed with sickening ease. He was in poor health, and was pestered with the attentions of this woman, whose years and position might have been expected to dictate kindness and sympathy towards a wounded soldier in a hospital of which she was Hon. Commandant. But “he consistently failed to respond.” That was his sole offence—that his unpardonable sin; and his “letter of remonstrance” brought down upon him all the fury of the Fury.

“I would so love just to have you quite to myself,” wrote Mrs. Cornwallis-West. “I will tell you all when we can sit at peace in my flower boudoir. I will teach you to love really beautiful poetry.”

WOMAN OF WALES.

COWANS MUST GO.—WHAT SAYS THE KING?

THE EDITOR.

Now note the young man's reply:—

"I have always tried to live an honest and upright life, and I have so far succeeded, though I have been a common Tommy. My heart is in my work, and I want to get on and make a name for myself, and show you and all those who have been so kind to me how I value their help. I don't think I could look Col. West in the face because you kissed me; he was very good to me. I don't want to understand poetry. I only want to live a good life and serve my God and King. I don't understand why you called me darling when Mrs. Delm Radcliffe or Mrs. Birch never does, and they do not want to teach me poetry. Your notes frighten me very much. You see, my religion compels me to go to confession, and it is the first time in my life I shall not be able to confess properly."

Is that an insulting answer? Does the writing of that letter indicate conduct unbecoming in an officer and a gentleman? Mark the sequel. She who could make could unmake; the gracious lady who had used her influence quite improperly to help to secure Sergeant Barrett his Majesty's commission, could pull the same strings to secure his disgrace. And she pulled them, deliberately, vindictively, invoking the aid of all who were under her influence, from the Colonel of the battalion to the distinguished Director of Recruiting and the Quartermaster General, to vent her spite upon the poor lad. If he played Joseph, then she would play Mrs. Potiphar. This is what in her rage and hate she laid to his charge—that he was pursuing her, that she was frightened of him, and that *he had broken into her bedroom*. That was a foul lie!

The Lady's Perjury.

But what is more serious is that in her efforts to justify her conduct she gave "untruthful evidence" before the Military Court of Inquiry. That Court was specially constituted by an Act passed in the House of Commons on August 7th last, in order to bring civilian witnesses within its powers and purview. Among its members was a Judge of the High Court, Mr. Justice Atkin; the case was conducted with the assistance and protection of counsel. And it is the deliberate finding of the Court that Mrs. Cornwallis-West "gave untruthful evidence before us." The course of Justice is clear. Society and official influence should be no protection. This woman not only tried to injure an officer holding his Majesty's commission, but in her sworn evidence before a specially constituted Court she committed perjury. Mrs. Cornwallis-West *must be put upon her trial*—nothing less will satisfy public opinion. But what, then, about others in the plot? I declare that the conduct of Lieut.-General Sir John Cowans has rendered him unfit to continue to hold the position of Quartermaster-General. It is not enough to make a scapegoat of Lieut.-Col. Delm Radcliffe. His conduct

was cruel and heartless, and he was evidently more directly under the influence of the woman of Ruthin Castle than were the other officers. Surely, no graver reflection can be made on the Colonel of a battalion than that he showed "a want of consideration and humanity" for one of his junior officers. But consider the position and the conduct of Sir John Cowans: He did not hesitate

to use his position to interfere in a disciplinary matter with which he could have no legitimate concern. What could *he* know of the circumstances of Barrett's alleged offence—what evidence was before him, I wonder, save the tainted statements of Mrs. Cornwallis-West? And yet he dared to take the name of the War Office in vain, to usurp the duties of the Director of Personal Services, and to address the Colonel of the battalion by letter and telegram. On the finding of the Court he is unfitted longer to hold high rank. War or no war, we cannot afford to retain in responsible positions men guilty of "indiscretions," of "departures" from "official propriety," and whose conduct has incurred "the displeasure of the Government."

Unwarrantable Conduct.

While one who has been so censured and condemned remains at the War Office, the thousands of young officers and the hundreds of thousands of simple soldiers whose characters and careers are for the time in the keeping of Whitehall, have good reason for grave doubts. Imagine this Quartermaster-General writing to Mrs. Cornwallis-West that "we [*i.e.*, the War Office] had done all that could be done officially," when—to quote the finding of the Court—the War Office, apart from Sir John Cowans, was all that time "wholly ignorant of Mrs. Cornwallis-West's complaint." And then note this letter to the woman of Ruthin Castle, dated March 25th, 1916: "Orders have gone by wire for B. to be transferred to the 3rd battalion—[whose orders and whose wire?] It is really all we can do. [*"We,"* as we now know, was Cowans, and not the War Office.] . . . I am very sorry, but I am sure you will understand this—I would fight for you if I had time."

What Says the King?

Well, let the King give him ample leisure to fight for whom and what he pleases, by removing him from a position he has brought into contempt. Petticoat influence is at any time a degrading and a dangerous thing in public affairs. Those ugly rumours of things at Headquarters in France in the early days of the war have happily long since died down. We are at war—a war which on our side must be waged by courageous and honourable men—a war in which the youth and manhood of our Empire are offering everything on the altar of patriotism. Yet, while the people are making the great sacrifice, we find men of exalted military rank prostituting their positions and wasting their time in pandering to the evil passion of an angry woman. Of the chief offenders—chief because of their positions—an example must be made. Sir John Cowans must go from the War Office; the King must dismiss him and Col. Radcliffe from the Army—and the law must be left to deal with the woman of "untruthful evidence."

A PLEA FOR "POOR JACK."

PUMPURITANS AND PHARISEES MALIGN OUR SAILORS.

An evidently inspired "prohibition" campaign is being conducted, mainly by pumpuritans who think they see a chance of forcing their own opinions and habits down the throats of the majority of the people; but it is also receiving support from some quite unusual quarters. Much is sought to be made by these people of drunkenness on the part of sailors engaged in our Mercantile Marine, but we doubt whether those who revile the men upon whom we all so much depend realise the conditions of life at sea. We admit that these brave fellows have the faults of their virtues—amongst them open-handedness and inability to say "No"—but is there any workman in the country who would labour week in and week out, in the midst of dangers, often going for months without being paid his wages? During a lengthy voyage the captain may, when the ship calls at last at a port, pay the men five shillings each to cover the expenses of a week-end, but he almost invariably takes good care to get the best of the rate of exchange. The balance of the money so hardly earned is not paid over until the men are discharged—there being deducted from it any sum due to the tailor whom the Captain has appointed to supply the crew, the benovolent "Old Man" usually taking a handsome commission. Under so iniquitous a regime—for which the owners and the Board of Trade cannot shirk responsibility—Jack, after being for weeks or even months without as much as seeing a glass of beer, is thrown on the world with a considerable sum of money. Having been deprived of alcohol for so long, a very few glasses "got into his head"—with the result that he often loses his self-control. Before so glibly denouncing his failings, let the prigs and the Pharisees—especially those among them who are responsible for the system which has rendered him liable to fall—remove the causes. One contributing factor is that the docks and the Board of Trade offices are almost invariably situated in the dirtiest and most poverty-stricken quarters—one of the natural results being that, as a refuge from his squalid surroundings, Jack is driven to the public-house, where he is frequently supplied with inferior liquor.

CHARITY—LESS COMMISSION.

A BRIBE FOR THE PARSONS FROM THE FIELD FORCE FUND.

In regard to our own "Greatest of These" Fund, we have sometimes emphasised the fact that no deductions are made for "expenses" or any other purpose, the whole amount subscribed being applied in timely relief. Other funds, other methods—and we notice that, in their laudable desire to "promote the well-being of members of the Expeditionary Forces," the Committee of Queen Alexandra's Field Force Fund are making an offer to clergy and Church workers which seems to call for a word of comment. A circular recently issued to the clergy, bearing the signature of Mrs. Wm. S. Selater, Honorary Secretary to the Fund, opens in the following strain:—

In order to enable Queen Alexandra's Field Force Fund to keep up the supply of parcels of comforts to our soldiers fighting on the various fronts, the Committee have had printed 50,000 specially designed window-cards, of which I enclose a specimen. I am hoping that you will support us in our work by doing all you can to assist in the distribution of these cards.

The idea being to sell these pictorial cards in aid of the funds, it might surely have been thought that this appeal was one to which clergy and Church workers would have gladly and freely responded, but the Committee apparently thought it necessary to offer the parsons a bribe—for the circular goes on:

The suggestion is that you should, through your Church workers and others, sell these cards to your parishioners, retaining for the benefit of your own Church funds one-third of the amount received by you.

It was further explained that if it were thought better to entrust the sale to "local newsagents, booksellers, etc.," the Committee would "allow shopkeepers a profit of 25 per cent. in addition to a further 25 per cent. for the funds of the local church." Whether or no the parsons and their parishioners will regard these commercial proposals in the light of a compliment, we are unable to say. For our part, the arrangement strikes us as a most invidious one, and we may perhaps be pardoned for wondering just where our good friend Tommy "comes in."

Spinet *Spinet*

The SUPER CIGARETTE.

Spinet

Fine Old Virginia.
Cork-Tipped, Ovals.



1/4 for 20
2/6 for 50

R. J. HILL LTD
LONDON

"Ye canna do better, Sergeant McFay,"



Than to take Iron
'Jelloids' No. 2A

When you're feeling
run down just a
wee bit;

They keep you braced
up and bonny and fit,
For a cheap way of
making ye feel quite
content,

Ma conscience! the
siller is very well
spent.



M AINTAIN your strength; keep your vitality at its highest pitch that you may have the power to endure—to withstand fatigue and strain. At the first sign of being below par, weak, run-down, or out-of-sorts, take Iron 'Jelloids' No. 2A (containing quinine) to enrich and strengthen the blood. Rich blood makes strength and vigour.

Ask your Chemist for a box of Iron 'Jelloids' to-day.
Reliable Tonic for Men.....IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 2A.
For Anaemia in Women.....IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 2.
For Growing Children.....IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 1.
Of all Chemists, a Fortnight's Treatment, 1s. 3d. Large size, 3s.

Iron Jelloids

Round the World with
CHAIRMAN JUNIORS
Burmah.



*Rangoon to Mandalay, along the Irrawaddy,
Come day, go day, feeling very noddy,
Iced drinks and umbrellas,
Forty winks for lazy fellas,
And the soothing Chairman Juniors Cigarettes for everybody.*

These difficult times of worry and dark dismal days and worse nights one envies the care free children of the sun, with little to do and much time in which to do it. There is plenty of opportunity for the comfortable enjoyment of a few Chairman Juniors. And they are enjoyable. If you have not tried them, do. They are well worth it, as they are really good. They are the original Chairman Cigarettes in quality, make, and every particular except size, which is slightly smaller to enable them to be sold by tobacconists and at canteens everywhere at

3d. for 10.

R. J. LEA, Ltd.

Manchester.

"SISTER."

It is fortunate that with all the nasty medicines we have to give there is a sweet to come after, and that is the ever welcome Cigarette. How often the lads ask for an "Army Club." . . . There must be something nice about these cigarettes.

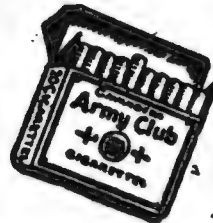
Cavander's "ARMY CLUB" Cigarettes

20 for 9d., 50 for 1/10½, 100 for 3/9.



We will post 200 "Army Club" Cigarettes, packed in air-tight tins of 50's, to any member of the Expeditionary Forces for 6/-. Order from your Tobacconist, or direct from CAVANDER'S, Glasgow. The Firm of Three Centuries. London Postal Address: 167, Strand, W.C.

For a Mellow, Non-Bite Mixture, try Cavander's "Army Mixture" 7½d. per oz., 2/6 ½d. tin.



The New Channel Packet

ENGLAND



FRANCE

Millions of bars of the famous "war-time Sweetmeat" are sent across the Channel every month.

See that your soldier friend is not left without a supply of this splendid help to health and contentment.

A ½d. bar "goes a long, long way" to keep a soldier fit with its stimulating and refreshing qualities. One bar is a day's supply.

Of all Confectioners, Tobacconists, Y.M.C.A. Huts, and Chemists (including all Branches of Boots Cash Chemists and Taylor's Drug Stores).

½d. Bar: 5 Bars 2½d.: 40 Bars 1s. 6d.

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IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

MRS. CORNWALLIS-WEST.

Good evenin', madam. And wot can I 'ave the pleasure of doin' fur you? . . . *Jest snip the ends?* Ma'am, they're as good as snipped! But I must awsk you, madam, to step upstairs to the ladies' room. . . . No, ma'am, I'm sorry to say I cawn't attend to you 'ere. There's always the chawnce of a gin'l'm'n customer droppin' in, an' most o' mine object to bein' shaved or 'avin' their 'air cut in the presence of a lady. It's queer, w'en you come to think of it. But there it is. Men is much more modest then wimmin, on the 'olo, w'ich may be w'y we loves our mothers so much as a general rule. Step this way, please, ma'am. . . . You've very beautiful 'air, ma'am. Excuse me stoopin' to pick up the 'airpins; but they're scarce, an' growin' scarcer day by day. You've got 'air like a young leddy of twenty-one, but I'll swear you're fifty if you're a day, ma'am! . . . *Wot? Over sixty?* Nonsense! I don't believe it! Then it's wunnerful 'ow some of you elderly ladies preserve yore fascinations. Look at thet Mrs. Cornwallis-West (pore sole!), wot took a fancy to a N.C.O. in the Army, an' shoved 'im forward into a

commission. . . . I beg yore pawdon, ma'am! I'll swear I never pulled yore 'air or pricked you! . . . P'raps you're a little nervy, jumpin' like thet? . . . But goin' back to Mrs. Cornwallis-West (though I never met the lady, worse luck!), could you give me an idea wot this "unusual interest" was wot she showed in the young lieutenant? I mean, wot was the nacher of it? . . . *A motherly interest?* Ah, you don't git me thet way, ma'am. In the first place, a motherly interest ain't an "unusual interest." W'en I read the case my mind wos some'ow carried back to the hincident of Joseph an' Pot—something's wife. You know, ma'am—the chap wot gave the Gippoos Standard bread or suthink o' thet sort. . . . *Insultin'?* 'Oo's insultin'? I don't unnerstand jew, ma'am! Nuthink's further from me thorts! Awl I mean is—it's better fur a lady to 'ave freckles on'er face than spots on 'er reputation! . . . There you are, madam—I've took the hextreme hend's orf. You'll find the 'air grow stronger an' more vigorous after this. Good evenin', ma'am. . . . Eighteen pence, thank you. Good evenin', ma'am!

PITY THE POOR EDITOR!

SOME GEMS FROM OUR LETTER-BAG.

"A Woman's Appeal to Mr. Bottomley.—Dear Editor,—Here in Norwich I have discovered a marvellous inventive brain. His massive head contains the brain that will (assisted by engineers) create a tank which will exterminate trench warfare. This man is no crank but a diamond of human inventive intellect. Could I send his photo you would immediately agree, not only tanks but dirigibles and countless inventions will evolve from that brain. For England's sake believe every word of this letter. Today is Wednesday, within a week he could transfer his business to another tradesman and be free to help England, if you could only use your great influence to get him in touch with makers of tanks. You may wonder why he has not been 'discovered.' The reason is because fow have realised that the man who keeps a little watchmakers shop in—could help as no other man has yet to beat the German inventors."

"Can you tell me what Mr. Kipling makes from his poetry? My friends tell me I write just as well, and I should like to try my hand if authors really get what they say."

"Can you tell me if a man what drinks in a pub during proibited hours and puts the glass in his pocket, if he's caught by two tecs, can he be searched with a warrant or without a warrant and is it legal to search him suppose he hasn't any glasses in his pocket with anything in them. My mates say they can. Can they? They're awful strict in Carlisle."

"I have been an unmarried wife for three years and my children are his. Does the War Office allow me anything for not being married?"

"Dear mister bottomly if you and me could coperate we can finish the war, i have a idea strickly private you put it before the war office and we shares the comision the idea is we fill the tanks what's in franco with dedly pison and we sends them in amongst the Germans, a man drives behind and he can't be shot because he's in armor when he come to the Germans he press a buton and scoots the pison threw a tube and pisons all the huns that done regulry would end the war."

"A conductor stopped me for my ticket the other morning. She was a female conductor and I had lost my ticket. I said I travelled from Stratford and she said the train did not stop at Stratford. But I meant Maryland Point. What should I pay, Maryland Point or Stratford? She made me pay Maryland Point. Was it fair?"

"Do free mason's brand new men with hot irons on their bodies to make them members. Jack — says they do but I don't believe in such crul practisses and it isn't rite."

"As I understand soldiers in the first line of trenches sometimes cannot have food carried to them, why not have lines of pipes laid down at night and pump hot soup to them as they require it? As a patriot, I make no charge for the idea."

Try this famous Skin Remedy

Antexema is an extraordinary remedy and we invite you to send for a Free Trial bottle and start your cure.

Antexema succeeds when everything else fails. The cures worked by Antexema are astounding. Wherever you go you find enthusiastic admirers of Antexema, who have been completely



cured, after they despaired even of relief. Those who suffered martyrdom from eczema for years, others who were disfigured by eruptions or ugly spots, victims of bad legs, tortured day and night by their affliction, all cured thoroughly and permanently by Antexema, the wonder-worker. There is nothing else in the world like Antexema.

Start Your Cure Free

Antexema cures bad legs, bad hands, eczema, rashes, chaps, chilblains, pimples, blotches, scalp troubles, and every other skin illness of infants or adults. Antexema is not a greasy ointment, but is invisible on the skin. It is prepared in our own laboratory from the original prescription of the well-known doctor who discovered this healing combination more than thirty years ago.

Do your duty to your skin and get Antexema to-day. Supplied by all chemists and stores everywhere. Also of Boots Cash Chemists, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrods, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Parke's, Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's, and Lewis and Burrows, at 1s. 3d. and 3s. per bottle, or direct, post free, in plain wrapper, 1s. 6d. and 3s. Also throughout India, Australasia, Canada, Africa and Europe.

Sign this Form

To Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W.
Please send me family handbook, "Skin Troubles," for which I enclose three penny stamps; also Free Trial of Antexema and Antexema Granules, the famous blood purifier.

Name

Address

"John Bull," 13/1/17

"TIZ" Gladdens Sore, Tired Feet

"Oh! My poor swollen, puffed-up, feet."

"Great
Scott!
Where's the
TIZ?"



TIZ makes sore, burning, tired, "chilblainy" feet feel just fine and comfy. Away go the aches and pains, the corns, hard skin, blisters, bunions and chilblains.

TIZ draws out the acids and poisons that puff up your feet. No matter how hard you work, how long you drill, how far you march, or how long you remain on your feet, TIZ brings restful foot comfort. TIZ is magical, grand, wonderful for tired, aching, swollen, smarting feet. Ah! how comfortable, how happy you feel. Your feet just tingle for joy; boots never hurt or seem tight.

Get a 1/4 box of TIZ now from any chemist's or stores. End foot torture for ever—wear your new boots, keep your feet fresh, sweet and happy. Just think! a whole year's foot comfort for only 1/4.

Britain builds the
best ships in the
World.

Britain makes the
best textiles in the
World.

Britain brews the
best Lager in the
World—

ALLSOPP'S

BOXERS AND BOXING.

By EUGENE CORRI.

The great Jimmy Wilde having squeezed himself into the Army when nobody was looking—as a certain wag will have it—he must perforce get what matches he can during his period of training. But I honestly believed that the teeny weeny man, having previously had the door banged against him when he desired to become a soldier, would never be permitted to don khaki. However, Private James Wilde, congratulations to you, and I am sure, though you be only a tiddler among men, you will make a fine Tommy! If you had not got fed up with being in civies I would have been able to tender you what I think, is a handsome sum to visit America, for last week I received a cable asking me to offer you £2,000 to engage in one no decision bout, you to pick your opponent, and in a contest at Havana. But, there, you are a soldier now, and a trip to the States must be postponed. The cable which has come to me, also letters, go to show that American sportsmen are all eagerness to see the Welsh wonder. They simply have got nothing—at least so far as I know—on the other side to compare with Wilde. I am now told that the Zulu Kid is not America's best 8st. boy. Well, since Wilde is not free to travel, let the American sportsmen ship over any lad they like and he will be accommodated.

AHEARN'S POSITION.

About American promoters—it is probable that the one and only Dan McKettrich will be over here soon with Young Ahearn, who hopes to succeed in wriggling out of contracts so that he may become a soldier of the King. Ahearn's path to high fame will be all the easier once he joins up, for, being an English boy, his duty is plain. It is, however, not his fault that he has not previously been able to do so.

Boxing and charity have ever gone hand in hand, and I should like to say how glad I am that Captain R. H. Sparks, R.F.C., Captain G. M. Goldsmith and the members of the A.B.A. made such a success of the assault-at-arms held at the Savoy Hotel, to which I was invited, in aid of the widows and orphans of the gallant Marines, under Admiral Ronarch, who fell in their defence of Dixmude. It was quite a night for all the countries, and I should say there has never been such an entertainment at the Savoy, or, indeed, at any other hotel, before. There was much capital boxing. There was my good friend, Dr. Allport, one of the hardest Rugby forwards who ever

played for England, as full of fight as a two-year-old. Like myself, Paddy Allport is one of the old 'uns, but in a bout with the ex-champion, Gunner Moir, I am told he proved that he could still punch very hard indeed. Men like Dr. Allport will always see to it that boxing thrives. And, by the way, he will be immensely pleased to see that Major Craven, one of the best Captain of Blackheath, his old club is in the latest honours list as a D.S.O. Major Craven, who won the Navy and Army heavy-weight championship in 1905 and 1906, has done much for the game, and when he went into any contest he carried himself just as he did when leading a Rugby "scrum": it was always neck or nothing.

AT THE FRONT.

I am glad to know that the London Field Company Royal Engineers managed to bring off a most successful tournament at the front recently. The boys did not forget sweet charity, and have sent the money they got out of their affair to the Queen's Hospital for Children in Hackney Road, a wholly admirable institution. In these boxing bouts behind the lines the officers work just as hard as the men to make them a real joy. And in this connection I should like to say that Lord Tweedmouth has had sent out to him the best possible ring that could be made, so that his men shall, in their leisure moments, be able to rig up a boxing arena of the very latest approved type. All hard, healthy sports make an irresistible appeal to Lord Tweedmouth, and I should say that none has a greater fascination than boxing. I suppose the various published accounts of boxing tourneys at the front and on the high-seas filter through to the Germans. If they do, they must think our fellows an incorrigibly queer crowd. It does seem almost incredible that our soldiers, after living with death in the trenches, should take their rest in the boxing ring. Yet a large percentage of them do, and they are all the better for it; the good sportsman makes a good soldier.

On the first big night of the year Young Fox, of Leeds, and Tancy Lee, the Scot, will box for the Bantam Weight Championship at the N.S.C. A very good match it should prove to be.

Sorry not to have been at the Liverpool Stadium last Thursday. Will be with my friends in the city on the Mersey very soon, I hope. Just started to toddle about again. In a few days I hope to be with the boys once more!

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Owing to the great increase in the cost of both raw material and workmanship, we regret that from 1st February, until further notice, we shall be compelled to make the very slight increase of threepence in the price of the "JOHN BULL" PEN. This addition barely covers the extra cost to ourselves, and at the earliest possible moment the old prices will be restored. Until February 1st all Pens will be supplied on the existing terms.

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1s.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2 6 and two penny stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. Thus, you may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1 6 only and 2d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL, 1 - EXTRA

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.

(Jan. 13, 1917.)

P.O.s should be made payable to "John Bull, Ltd." and crossed & Co.
N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium or Broad Nib

NEW CITIZEN ARMY

Millions Flock to "Harlene Hair-Drill."

FREE EQUIPMENT FOR ALL.

CUT OUT AND POST YOUR FREE GIFT COUPON BELOW.

NO effort has ever equalled the manning and equipping of the great army of brave men who to-day are fighting for the liberty and freedom of the world. This stupendous effort, however, has in the sphere of everyday life been approached in regard to actual numbers by the extraordinary popularity of a campaign that has for its object the teaching of men and women how to improve their personal appearance by cultivating hair efficiency.

Millions Adopt "Harlene"

There are millions of men and women to-day the world over who have rallied to the cry "Harlene Hair Drill" for fresh, bright and healthy hair, and have proved to their complete satisfaction that there is no surer, more certain and pleasant way of securing an abundance of growth and of converting hair poverty to perfect hair condition.



The army of supporters of "Harlene Hair-Drill" is counted by the million—men and women. Have you joined? You may obtain full equipment for Hair Health and Beauty Culture Free of Cost by filling in and posting the Free Coupon below.

The gigantic plan has been set on foot to send another million complete "Harlene Hair-Drill" Four-fold Parcels Free to the Public. One million people may, within a few days, commence what leads to youthful hair health and beauty conditions.

Look in the glass and "take stock" of the condition of your hair. Perhaps you have thought that hair once starved or weakened was impossible to re-grow. But the

discovery of "Harlene" and the invention of "Harlene Hair-Drill" have altered all that.

It only requires a short course of the now world-famous "Harlene Hair-Drill"—only two minutes a day—to overcome any form of hair trouble and restore your hair to its normal state of health and colour.

Here is the Four-fold Gift.

1. A Bottle of "Harlene," the liquid food and tonic for the Hair, which stimulates it to new growth.

2. A packet of the marvellous Scalp-cleansing "Cre-mex" Shampoo Powder which prepares the Head for "Hair-Drill."

3. A bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair, and is especially beneficial to those whose scalp is inclined to be dry.

4. The Secret "Hair-Drill" Manual containing all the latest hints on Hair Beauty Cultivation and the improvement of your general appearance.

All of these toilet articles you may subsequently obtain, as desired, from your local chemist—"Harlene" at 1/-. 2/6, or 4/6 per bottle; Solidified "Harlene," for travellers, etc., 2/9 per tin; "Uzon" Brilliantine at 1/-. 2/6; "Cre-mex" at 1/- per box of 7 shampoos (single 2d. each).

If you should have any difficulty in obtaining supplies, any or all of these preparations will be sent to you post free on receipt of price direct from Edwards' Harlene, Ltd., 20, 22, 4, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London. W.C. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.'s should be crossed. Write to-day.

POST THIS FREE GIFT FORM.

Fill in and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd.,

20-22-24-26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.

Dear Sirs, Please send me your free "Harlene" Four-fold Hair-Growing Outfit as described above. I enclose 4d. in stamps to cover cost of postage to any part of the world. (Foreign stamps accepted.)

NAME

ADDRESS

"John Bull," 13/1/17.....

"HEALTH NEWS."

A recent issue of "Health News" (No. 56) contains (1) articles on Winter ailments (colds, &c.), the value of dried milk, the campaign against venereal diseases, trench vermin, leucorrhoea, chest tonics, dry shampoo, &c.; (2) the uses and properties of valuable medicines; and (3) a list of reasonable prescriptions for common ailments. A specimen copy will be sent free of charge to any person. (Please mention "John Bull," and apply to address given below.) Here is a selection of

Health News Prescriptions

selected from previous issues which are effective in the relief of life's minor but troublesome indispositions. They are dispensed and supplied post free from the address given below. Don't wait till you are seriously ill; prevention is better than cure.

Stiffness in the nose, sneezing, copious nasal discharge, loss of taste and smell, dry throat, and a constant feeling of fullness in the back of the throat owing to foul mucus descending to the uvula and throat, and thence to the stomach, indicate cold in the head, nasal catarrh, coryza, influenza, and hay fever. This condition is relieved by an alkaline anti-septic nasal douche, thus: Sodium Bicarbonate (10 parts), Borax (10 parts), and Thelol (1 part). Supplied in tablets, with directions. Price 1/11 (144 tablets). Post free. Prescription No. 820 T.

Huskeness, loss of voice, sore nose and throat, tightness and soreness of the chest, cough, shivering, and cold feet are symptoms of cold in the throat and chest, also of nasal, bronchial catarrh. For chronic and sub-acute cases, take two pills thrice daily, each containing Camphor, Opium, and Benzole Acid (of each 1/10 grain). Licorice Extract (2 grains), Aniseed Oil (1-16th drop), Pine Wood Tar (1 grain), Creosote (1 drop). Supplied in boxes, 1/11 (50) and 1/11 (100). Post free. Prescription No. 331.

Pains in the limbs, especially on movement, with deformed joints and stiffness, signify rheumatism and possibly rheumatoid arthritis, which is difficult to cure. Relief, however, can generally be obtained by using tablets each containing: Acetyl Salicylic Acid (4 grains), Phenacetin (1 grain), Quinine Sulphate (1 grain), Dover's Powder (1 grain). These cost 1/7 (36) and 5/8 (144). Prescription No. 203. Sufferers should try them.

Muddy or sallow complexion, also black heads, boils, certain forms of eczema, and unsightly pimples cannot be cured in a day, but the following well-known complexion beautifier, if persevered with, will vastly improve the skin: Charcoal (1 grain), Dried Iron Sulphate (1 grain), Calcium Sulphide (1 grain), Nux Vomica Extract (1-16th gr.), Gentian Extract (1 gr.), in a tablet. Take 1 or 2 with each meal. Price 1/11 (72) and 1/11 (144). Prescription No. 442.

Deeper-seated blood impurity, which, as a hidden plague, causes rash, pustular eruptions, hard and sore sores, granular swellings, and ulcerated wounds and glands, are arrested and finally expelled by the following: Combined Iodides (1 grain), Mercuric Chloride (1-100th gr.), Nux Vomica (1 gr.), Stillingia, Jacaranda and Sarsaparilla (traces). In one tablet, with directions. Price 1/11 (36) and 2/8 (144). Thousands of sufferers are working their way back to health by means of this. Prescription No. 600.

Loss of nerve, alternate hot and cold feeling, palpitation of the heart, trembling limbs, and a funky feeling as if you were going to fall to pieces, is often due to some excess. The following tonic will pull you together: Nux Vomica Extract (1-16th grain), Digitalis (1 gr.), Gentian Extract (1 gr.), Dandelion Extract (1 gr.). In one pill. With directions. Cost 1/11 (36) and 2/9 (144). Prescription No. 632. If mental depression, loss of memory, and general debility are associated, try this instead: Phosphorus (1-100th gr.), Nux Vomica Extract (1/16th gr.), Hamamelis Extract (2 gr.), Pure Lecithin (1 gr.). In one tablet. This acts like magic. Price 1/7 (36) and 5/8 (144). Prescription No. 470.

All the above prescriptions are obtainable from

MR. WILLIAM SHADFORTH PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST,
(Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.)
Dept. J. S. 6, GROVE ROAD, BOW, LONDON, E.

SICK HEADACHE, PAINS IN THE STOMACH, INDIGESTION, CONSTIPATION, LIVERWINDS.

(Formula 2,000.)
Will relieve bilious attacks, sick headache, and some forms of bowel indigestion.

Barbadoes Aloe, Capsicum.
Price 1/11 (144) or 2/9 (432 pills).

PILES, HABITUAL CONSTIPATION, SLUGGISH LIVER, ATONIC DYSPEPSIA.

(Formula 304.)
Cascara Extract, Nux Vomica Extract, Belladonna Extract, Gentian Extract.

In pills.
Price 1/11 (36 pills) and 2/9 (144 pills), with directions.

HOME-MADE HAIR TONIC.

(Formula 905A.)
Jaborandi, Cantharides, Phenol, Borax, etc., dispensed with Bay Rum.

Quickly stops hair falling out and promotes growth.
Price 2/7 and 4/7.

KIDNEY IRRITATION, GRAVEL, SCALDING STRICTURE.

(Formula 202.)
(Urethritis, Cystitis, etc.)

Cubeb, Venice turpentine, Copaiba Balsam, Colchicum Extract, Gravel Nut Root, Podophyllin Root.

Possesses germicidal and cooling properties. Used in Prostatitis.
Price 1/11 (50) and 1/11 (100).

HEART WEAKNESS, PALPITATION, BIDDINESS, NOISES IN THE HEAD.

(Formula 632.)
Digitalis, Nux Vomica Extract, Gentian Extract, Dandelion Extract.

Price 1/11 (36) and 2/8 (144 pills).

DRUG, ALCOHOL, AND TOBACCO VICIOMS.

(Formula 1,078.)
Quassia Extract, Peppermint Oil, Sugar Base.

With directions.
You cannot enjoy either tobacco, alcohol, or drugs with one of these health-giving tablets in your mouth. Stops the craving.

Price 1/11 (72), 1/11 (144).

EXCESSIVE STOUTNESS, FLABBY LIMBS, BIG STOMACH.

(Formula 314.)
Extract of Seaweed, Potassium Iodide, Thyroid Gland.

Price 1/11 (36) and 2/8 (144).

In addition, take a saltspoonful of Marienbad Salt (Formula 616) before breakfast, and massage with ox-gall soap (Formula 936) in a hot water bath thrice weekly.

(These cost 1/11 each.)

DYSPEPSIA, HEARTBURN, WIND, AND CONSTIPATION.

(Formula 832.)
Contains Nature's digestive juices.

Pepsin, Malt Extract, Lactase, Charcoal, Cascara Extract.

In one tablet. Dose: 2 with meals.

Price 1/11 (72) and 1/11 (144).

PSORIASIS, SCALY ECZEMA, SCURF, ALOPECIA (BALD PATCHES).

(Formula 850.)
Perchloride of Mercury, Creosote, Zinc Ointment.

Price 1/3 and 2s.

HARD OR SOFT CORNS, PAINFUL COHNS.

(Formula 01.)
You cannot march to victory on corns. Get rid of them with this.

Salicylic Acid, Resin Ointment, and Lanoline.

With directions. Price 1/11.

Colds and Bronchitis

A COLD caught now may harass you throughout the winter. Your surest safeguard is Hall's Wine—take it now.

If you have a cold and want to avoid more serious developments, Bronchitis or Influenza for instance, take Hall's Wine—and take it now. For the weak or over-worked, the ailing or convalescent, there is no better tonic or restorative than Hall's Wine.

A Very Bad Cough.

"Hall's Wine has cured me of a very bad cough which I had for months and which I could not cure." (Original letter on file.)

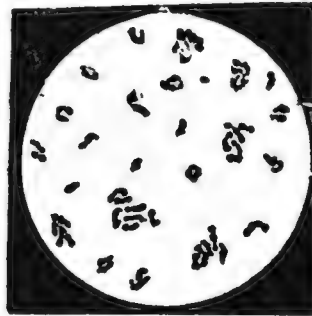
Hall's Wine

THE SUPREME TONIC RESTORATIVE

GUARANTEE—Buy a bottle of Hall's Wine to-day. If, after taking half of it, you do not feel real benefit, return to us the half-empty bottle, and we will refund your outlay.

Price 3/9 large bottle. Of all Wine Merchants, and Grocers and Chemists with wine licences.

STEPHEN SMITH & COMPANY, LIMITED, BOW, LONDON.



From an actual Micro-photograph of the Bacillus Diphtheriae—magnified 900 diameters—taken at the Kuncorn Laboratories.

This is the Diphtheria Bacillus which may attack YOU.

Amongst the tiny organisms which infest the air, this is one which scientists have definitely isolated and examined microscopically: learning its nature Bacteriologists also learn its weakness—and have recommended Evans' Pastilles as a thoroughly useful agent in preparing the mouth and tonsils against possible attack of the Diphtheria Bacillus.

EVANS' Pastilles

The effective precautionary measure against the Microbes of influenza, catarrh, diphtheria, pneumonia, etc.

Trench Evans' pastilles are splendid for preventing the unpleasant effects resulting from trench odours, and our soldiers should be kept well supplied.

To be obtained from all Chemists and Stores 1/3 Per tin.

WARNING. See the raised bar. Genuine Evans' Pastilles can be recognised by the raised bar on each Pastille—which is registered.

POST Order a box at once for yourself FREE, or your soldier or sailor friend. In case of difficulty write to the Proprietors, enclosing P.O. for 1/3—the Pastilles will be sent direct by return.

EVANS, SONS, LESCHER & WEBB, Ltd., 56, Hanover Street, LIVERPOOL.

Obtainable also from our branch at 92, William St., New York—and from the Sole Agents in Canada, National Drug & Chemical Co., Ltd., Montreal.



Are You Troubled by ASTHMA?

Are you being almost suffocated by that horrid strangling cough? Are you kept awake night after night? Don't suffer longer, but get Potter's Asthma Cure. Gives instant relief, and works wonders in Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough and other lung troubles. The best remedy for bronchitis of children.

POTTER'S Asthma Cure

Is quite safe to use, it contains no opiates and neither causes headaches nor bad after-effects. It is so sure to give relief that you should accept Free Trial at once. Fill up form and you will receive Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, and a little book "Are you Asthmatic?"—full of facts as to the cause, prevention and cure of asthma and bronchitis. Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied by chemists, herbalists and stores, for 1s.

Sign this Form To-day

To Potter and Clarke, Ltd., Artillery Lane, London, E. Please send Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure.

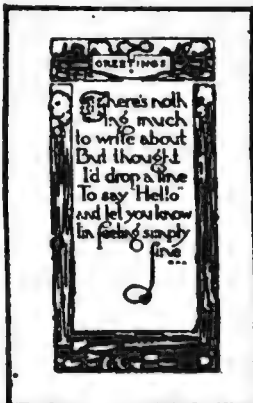
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John Bull



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Milkmaid Café au Lait



A Superb Beverage

When you feel you would give anything for a cup of hot coffee, that is the time when you will acknowledge the superlative worth of Milkmaid Café au Lait. It is made in a moment—neither milk nor sugar needed—you simply add boiling water and there it is, the most delicious coffee you ever tasted—and the cheapest.

Try a tin to-day but be sure you get the genuine Milkmaid Café au Lait.

Sold by all Grocers & Stores

Cash prices 4s., 7d. & 1/2d. per tin.

Beware of worthless imitations



BEACON OILSKINS

Keep you dry all ways. Men's 9/-, Children's 6/-, Sou'-westers, 1/6, Long Leggings, 2/6. Guaranteed against stickiness, leakage or dissatisfaction on money-back methods. Illustrated List Post Free. Send Post-card now for this Art Booklet of "Weather Comfort," to HARBOUR'S, Ltd., 17, BEACON BUILDINGS, SOUTH SHIELDS.

MOTOR TUITION.

Reassure your future Earnings, and understand your Car. Post-War Boom will be the Motor Trade. Be instructed in a Car's Mechanism, Running Repairs, Magnetos, How to Drive, etc., etc., by the World-famous M.S.C. Postal Course of Instruction. Send for Particulars and Enrolment form, M.S.C. School of Motoring, 14, Hood Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcements appear in JOHN BULL, i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment; and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will personally refund the purchase money provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase.

TOMMY'S AND JACK'S PAGE.

A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE SOLDIER AND SAILOR.

OUR PLEDGE:

"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean chicanery, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."
Horatio Bottomley in JOHN BULL, 19th August, 1916.

A Kick from the Canucks.

The Canadians at Scaford complain to us concerning barrack damages. Like other units all over the map, they kick against having to pay for imaginary damage, or for damage for which they are not responsible. We are getting towards a Business Government now, and they should see that this iniquitous and unjust system of robbing the soldier is abolished.

Work for L. G.

Now that Mr. Lloyd George has shown proof of his determination to give justice to the Army, we look forward to his taking steps to have every case of unfair dismissal of officers closely investigated. The result should be to rid us of the Commanders who have, on dishonest secret reports, sent excellent men from the Army. The old pernicious system has existed too long; let it be a case of new men, new methods!

It Happened in a Camp.

The following incident seems incredible, but is based upon information from what should be a reliable source:—110 men were paraded for Medical Officer's inspection. The doctor, we are told, walked up and down the ranks, loudly proclaiming that if he examined all the men it would mean a hard afternoon's work—wherefore he told them to give in their names as they passed an officer, as it would mean France—for King, country—and beer! Some officials earn their money easily.

The Get-Rich-Quick Man.

A soldier tells us of a Company Quarter-Master-Sergeant who joined as a private, without two pennies to rub together. He now has a motor-bicycle with side-car, and other luxuries. We are asked how he got the valuable property—but cannot answer, though we have a shrewd suspicion. Then a woman who does not seem to love her brother-in-law, who is working in a canteen abroad, wants to know if it is the fact that the man receives £170 a year for his work. We rather think not. This bar attendant, however, sent his wife home a valuable set of furs, and every week forwards her £4. Poor Tommy!

Tommy and His Master.

The present-day soldier is not by any means a brute or a dissolute member of society; he might be trusted to wile away spare time with a game of cribbage, whist, nap, or even banker for counters. We, therefore, ask the Army Council, in the name of everything that is broadminded, why all the packs of cards are being impounded in our camps. Are the men to play with jackstones or sail paper boats on the ponds for amusement? If cards are to be seized in the hut of the soldier, let them also be confiscated in the club of the War Office bigbug.

Rotters in Rhyl.

A representative was at Rhyl the other day, and among other places he visited the Queen's Skating Rink, on the Promenade. "Special Monday evening each week for Commissioned Officers and civilians," ran the notice. What boulder conceived this idea? He cannot be aware that among the "very common Tommies" nowadays are men socially superior to their officers, and who in the matter of worldly goods might buy and sell them. The authorities at the Queen's Skating Rink have succeeded in making every soldier in the garrison hate them and their concern.

Robbery Under Arms.

We have referred to the robbery that is the order of the day among some of the men who handle the parcels of civilian clothing sent home by our newly-joined soldiers. It is rob, rob, rob—in the depots, in the billets, in the camps, and in the trenches. The newly-joined man is plundered; so is the wounded man, and so, too, are the dead! We suppose that no improvement will take place until theft from the recruit or the wounded man is made a penal offence, and the penalty for robbing of the dead is, as in the old days, met with the shooting of the ghoulish grabber.

A Crusty Colonel.

This paragraph concerns a Commanding Officer in Egypt who appears to be "crusty." We quote the complainant's own words:—"We were passing the Colonel on saluting drill, and being full of rheumatism I was unable to do the drill to his satisfaction. He threw his stick at me, halted the men, and called me out. He asked me what was wrong, and I told him. He then hit me again with the stick, and ordered me to strip, which I obeyed. He then struck me again several blows and asked me if I could swim. I told him I could not. He took off my disc and shook my hand and told me to go and drown myself. I went straight to the Suez Canal and jumped in, and after a few seconds a comrade dived in to save me. I was pulled ashore and taken to camp. All this was done in front of my regiment. I am now in hospital." We have searched King's Regulations with a microscope, and cannot find any justification for the Colonel's conduct. The only item missing from the picture is the cinema operator!

The Service and Fare.

We hinted to the Admiralty and the War Office that Jack and Tommy should not be made victims of the rise in railway fares. We regret to learn that they have been, and are being, victimised.

A Mem. for the Admiralty.

We have been approached by some of the small-craft men of the Sheerness district, who complain that although they rendered salvage service to three ships in one week, their help was not recognised financially, whereas in cases where the orthodox Naval people act similarly they are handsomely rewarded. One trawler in particular towed a ship for fifteen miles through mine fields, the job being afterwards taken over by tugs which towed her for seven miles. The officer and crew of the trawler got no reward, though each of the tugs received £1,000. This does not seem fair to us.

Diddling the Marine.

A somewhat similar position arises in regard to the Royal Marine Artillery. Some months ago a Brigade of it was sent to a certain war area, with two batteries of Naval guns. The Marines on disembarking had 3d. a day afloat allowance deducted from their pay, and were refused field allowance in substitution. At the same time, a battery of Naval guns manned by seamen—shipmates of the Marines—not only had their afloat allowance continued, but were given an additional 6d. a day field allowance. Does anybody at the Admiralty look after our Jollies?

L. G. and the Navy.

Some time ago in Parliament, on a memorable occasion, Mr. Lloyd George said:—"The achievements of the Navy speak for themselves. I do not know that anything that I can say would be in the least adequate to recognise the enormous and incalculable services the great Navy of Britain has rendered, not merely to the Empire, but to all the Allies. Not merely would victory have been impossible, but the war could not have been kept going even for two-and-a-half years had it not been for the services of the Navy." The Naval men are looking to Mr. Lloyd George to justify his words. They have a catalogue of grievances, and when they read his remarks they expected these would have been remedied.

OUR PENSIONS INQUIRY DEPARTMENT

By Our Pensions Expert

Since the outbreak of war our Pensions Expert—a retired officer of long experience—has conducted an Inquiry Department by correspondence, and many thousands of cases have passed through his hands, in each of which he has given advice of value. We have decided to publish, weekly, replies to typical complaints, which will be of help not only to inquirers, but also be of general interest. In the meantime, we shall continue to advise by post when stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for the purpose.

"J. MCGEE" (Shadwell).—You were incorrectly informed. I received a notification from your Paymaster to the effect that a balance of £15 16s. is due to you, and you will receive it in a day or two.

Mrs. J. A. K. (Oxford).—I put your case forward and am officially informed that you will be awarded a pension of 18s. 6d. a week for yourself and two children.

J. B. (Norfolk Regt.).—I have had the matter put straight for you. An allowance at the rate of 11s. 7d. per week from January 16th is to be granted; also £7 19s. 3d. arrears to the 15th of the month. Glad to have been of service.

Mrs. W. A. E. (Sandygoove).—The mistake was due to your own negligence. You should have notified your change of address. By this time you will have received the allowance.

Mrs. S. J. (Bodford).—See Mr. H. Smith, the Secretary of the War Pensions Committee, at the Town Hall. He will look into the matter for you.

B. F. (Canterbury).—You should go to 15, Burgate Street, and see Mr. H. Fielding, who will procure for you an extra allowance for the sick child. In the meantime, some assistance has been sent you from our War Sufferers' Fund.

MISSING MEN.

We would welcome news of the following

Pte. A. E. Dencock, G 18821, D Coy. Royal West Kent, transferred from Middlesex Regiment; Pte. H. J. Chivers, 2197, Essex Regt.; Pte. J. Wood, 1498, Yorks and Lancs; Pte. C. Johnson, 8540, Hants Regt.; Rfn. F. G. Bayley, 4757, B Coy., 8th Battalion, Queen Victoria Rifles; Rfn. L. R. Bayley, P83, B Coy., 8th Platoon, Queen Victoria Rifles; Stoker C. A. Secker, H.M.S. Newcastle; Pte. C. H. Burton, 23010, Grenadier Guards; Pte. Fred. C. Grist, 6261, No. 12 C Coy., London Regt. S.R.; Pte. W. H. Singleton, 22053, No. 3 Coy., Devon Regt.; Lieut. H. C. E. Bower,

R.A.M.C., attach. Newfoundland Regt.; Pte. W. Landerson, 17/1710, R.I.R.; Dvr. C. F. Knight, 14687, 662 Coy., A.S.C.; Rfn. George Haines, 17116, B Coy, Rifle Brigade; Pte. C. F. Thompson, 13028, No. 3 Coy., Duke of Wellington's Regt.; Pte. E. L. Willis, 2817, Middlesex Regt.; Rfn. R. Morley, 4673, 3rd Coy., 10th Bn., City of London Post Office Rifles; Pte. E. F. Pigott, 11186, A Coy., Royal Berks; Pte. E. J. Atkins, 26565, B Coy., Royal Fusiliers; L./Cpl. H. R. Harvey, 3792, D Coy., London Regt.; Sergt. H. Chalmers, A Coy., Royal Scots Fusiliers.

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"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

OUR WAR SUFFERERS' FUND—IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind; but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. We give below a synopsis of a few typical cases treated during the past week.

A soldier died and was sent home for burial. A former work-mate raised a subscription for the purpose of defraying the expenses, but misappropriated the money, and is now in prison. The poor widow was consequently still burdened with the undertaker's bill until she laid her case before us.

Discharged on medical grounds, a soldier came home and died in the course of a few weeks. He had no pension or allowance, and left behind a widow and three children, who were in very bad straits until we came to the rescue.

Another physical wreck was discharged from the Army and entered the infirmary, where he is still. Outside are a wife and four small children who have no source of income. In this case we also took immediate steps.

A man was killed by the explosion of a bomb. The death being accidental, the authorities refused to grant the widow any pension or allowance. She has several children, one of whom died a few days ago, and we promptly did what was in our power for the unhappy family.

Another soldier on home service broke down and was sent from the Army. He underwent several operations in hospital, but is still quite unfit for work. We therefore helped.

A discharged man was unable to get the balance of his pay, owing to the negligence of his commanding officer in not sending the necessary papers. He was starving on the streets when he came to Long Acre. We gave him temporary assistance and took steps

which resulted in the money—amounting to over £13—being sent to him within 48 hours.

The mother of two soldiers has to bear the burden of an invalid husband who will never work again, besides supporting two young children. Her cupboard was quite

empty, and the youngsters were in want of clothing, when she sent her appeal to us.

The daughter of a Fusilier died, and a second child was stricken with diphtheria. The mother is also in ill health. The man made an appeal to us which was not in vain.

A very distressing case brought to our notice was that of a soldier's wife who had lost three children within six months. The father is in the trenches, and was unable to get leave to see his children buried. As the unfortunate mother has only her separation allowance to depend upon, and the youngsters were not insured, it can readily be guessed that she was in a very sad plight. We took instant steps to remedy matters.

We regret to note the increasing number of soldiers who, knowing the result to their families, commit military offences and receive

punishment. Some very hard cases of starving wives and children were relieved by us.

A Tommy's wife visited us with a certificate from her doctor, that her two children were seriously ill, whilst she had not the means to provide them with the necessary medicines and nourishment. We gave her assistance and put her into communication with the local War Pensions Committee, who always help in such cases.

OUR CHRISTMAS FUND.

VULET:DE GIFTS FOR THE LONDON POOR.

The annual distribution of comforts to the London poor, through our Christmas Fund, was not, unfortunately, on the scale of some of its predecessors—the reason, of course, being the increased demand upon the purses of the philanthropic by War Charities. However, we were enabled to keep up the good old custom, and a considerable number of poor families have cause to thank our

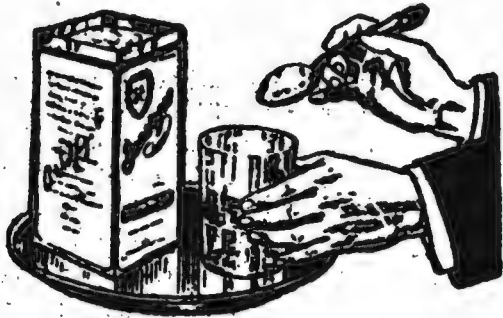
generous readers and those who helped, *con amore*, in the distribution of good things—food, clothing, toys, etc. We hope that next Christmas will see the war a thing of the past; and our Fund in operation upon at least the old scale—and meantime heartily thank all who subscribed or assisted in any way.

The following further subscriptions have been received:—

C. T. P., 2s.; "Anon." 1s. 6d.; C. S. D., 2s.; T. S., 1s.; E. H., 6d.

W. A. K. (Durban), £1 0s. 6d.; "Bravo, Fenice," 17s.; "U. A. L. (Mount St. Michael), 6th cont. donation, 1s.; P. N. P., 1s.; "Brummagem (Anon.), 10s.; "Cousins," 4s.; "Musicalian," 10s.; H. M. T. (Barrow Common), 1s.; Mrs. U. S. B., 1s.; "Cavalryman" (H.E.F.), 1s.; Members of the Casualty Branch, R.E.F., 64.50s.; Corporals' Mess, 2nd Regiment, S. African Mounted Riflemen, 25. T. V. S., 2s.; "Two E.R.A.s," 2s.; Skipper and Crew of H.M.T. "Livingstone," 23s. 6d.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; D. M. (Kintyre), 9d.; E. S. (New Zealand), 6s. 4d.; L/Opl. P., 5s.; N. E. N., 1s.; "Regular Reader" (East Ham), 5s.; W. B. W. 6d.; Mrs. A. McN., £1 1s.; E. T. O. (Chelsea), 1s.; "Belvedere," 2s.; S. B., 2s.; G. E., 5s.; R. W. O., 6d.; P. R. (Dundee), 1s. 6d.; W. S. (Shanghai), 6s. 4d.; W. B. (Lerwick), 3s. 6d.; "A Mother and Daughter," 2s.; G. F. F. (Old Charlton), 5s.; R. D. (Glasgow), 2s.; B. M. (Arbroath), 2s. 6d.; J. H. (Aston), 1s.; G. W. (Westcliff), 1s.; J. O. B. (Orkney), 9d.; H.O.A., 10s.; P. H. R. (Guardsford), 5s.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; "A Widow's Mite" (Colchester), 6d.; O. E. D. (Clissold Park), 2s.; "An Anxious Wife" (Southampton), 2s. 6d.; E. B., 8s.; J. E. (Bromley), 5s.; "Little Jim," 1s. 6d.; "Dave," 10s.; Mrs. A., 2s.; N. P., 2s. 6d.; Weekly Collection, Messrs. Bost Bros. Aeroplane Works, Eastchurch, £1; M. R. (Chingford), 2s. 6d.; "A Poor Woman," 1s.; H. F., £1 1s.; "A Reader of JOHN BULL," 3s.; H. S., 6d.; Mrs. F. (Cheshire), 5s.; J. D. J. (St. Leonards), £1; "Margaret," 2s. 6d.; "A Few Natal Friends," 10s.; Weekly Collection, C. P. S. (Woolwich Arsenal), 8s. 3d.; R. N., 2s.; J. H. S. B. (Southport), 10s. 6d.; "Inquisitive," 1s.; W. O. (Nyasaaland), 9s. 9d.; O. S. (Stockwell), 5s.; Mrs. M. M. (Dublin), 6d.; "34185's Girl," 2s.; "In Memory of Bruce," 2s. 6d.; A. R. (Leighton Buzzard), 2s. 6d.; J. W. (W. Bromwich), 2s. 6d.; "Asterian," 2s. 6d.; "A Sympathiser from Bourneville," 2s. 6d.; J. N. O. (Mesopotamia), 2s. 6d.; S. H. D., 2s. 6d.; "Lass," 6d.; C. T. (Birmingham), 2s. 6d.; C. L. H. G., 6d.; Captain, Officers and Engineers of S.S. *Natica*, £2 19s. 1d.; M. A. O., 1s.; Anon., 2s.; Mrs. M., 1s.; W. K., 1s.; W. O., 1s. 6d.; T. M. (Glasgow), 1s.; S., 6d.; A. E. S., 1s.; M. P. (Glasgow), 6d.; A. McL., 1s.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; F. T. B., 10s.; "A Jock," 1s.; Mrs. P., 10s.; "A Dispatch Rider's Sister," 1s. 6d.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; "Sailor's Sweetheart," 9s.; Collected on board S.S. *Elmina*, £11 14s. 3d.; Mr. M., 2s.; "Mr. Mackie," 2s.; W. M. F., 1s. 9d.; Mr. Wm. James, the winner of the first prize in our 215th "Bullets" Competition, has kindly sent us £5.

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As the names "Sanatogen" and "Formamint" were registered in this country by the German firm they have now been "voided."

This means that any worthless substitute can now be called "Sanatogen" or "Formamint," though only the above-mentioned Syndicate supply the genuine, original products.

As soon as possible the preparations will be re-named and given new distinctive labels and trade marks, which will be widely announced in the Press, thus protecting you against substitution.

**Formamint, the germ-killing throat
tablet, is absolutely British now.
It is the Ideal Remedy for Sore Throat,
etc., and for preventing infectious diseases.**

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A Typical Letter.
It seems simply marvellous how each difficulty vanishes as one goes on, step by step.
Miss H. H.
(Ipswich).

Mr. H. BECKER.

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Include a tin in the next parcel you send to
the boys at the Front.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents].

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—If all readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor or the Publishers, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. **LEGAL** and **SPORTING** inquiries should be addressed to the Legal or Sporting Editor, and, in the case of **LEGAL** inquiries, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. **FINANCIAL** and **INSURANCE** inquiries should be addressed to the Editor, CITY JOHN BULL, 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C., and each inquiry should be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling.

J. S. (Millport).—"You have had the 'flu. Buck up!" We have buck'd.

"COLONEL" (Ret. Ind. Army).—We shall "loyally support Mr. L. G. and the new Government" as long as they are business-like in the business.

H. S. (London, W.C.).—Mr. Arthur Henderson owes his position in the Government to his position in the Labour Party, and to his tactful accommodation.

"IRISHMAN" (London) wants to see the Allies "march into Berlin and dictate to the Kaiser the terms of peace." That would be some march—and some peace.

W. H. S. T. (Broadstairs).—Not surprised the Inventions Board rejected your idea of "a perpetual motion engine useful for aircraft." They don't believe in a perpetual war.

J. H. B. (Ramsgate).—"Our Government ought to collar all tithes for the period of the war." But the clergy would be conscientious objectors.

H. C. (Richmond, Vic., Australia) says "Australians think that this country does not belong to England." It belongs to the Empire, and that's why they are fighting with us.

"SINNY FEINER" (Dublin).—It is monstrous that such a reptilian paper as the *Irish Nation* should be allowed to eject its rebel, pro-Germun venom.

"SOLDIER'S WIFE" (Wimbledon) complains that a local firm "charged 1s. 10d. a pound for fresh butter on Thursday and 2s. 2d. on Friday." Lucky that Saturday was pay day.

Miss A. M. (C. Green) notices that the week after we cursed the Coalition Mr. Lloyd George was in as Prime Minister. We appreciate these observant natures.

Mrs. H. (N. Ormsby).—Sorry can do nothing. Soldiers' mothers get no allowance if they were not dependent on their sons at the time of enlistment.

M. D. (Essex).—The Salvation Army's scheme to import 5,000 war widows into Canada is all rot. Our advice to most war widows is to stay at home.

"ROYAL FUSILIERS" (London).—"My father works at Park Royal Munitions Works, and he tells me the comb-out there is really a joke." We believe him.

H. J. (Helston).—Haven't you noticed how frequently we have deplored the sending out of new recruits while trained men are praying to go?

A. M. (Cardiff).—"Royal Engineers sleeping on river in Belgian barges, worse than cattle, all wet, perished with cold, one poor fellow dead in bed." That is a revelation needing inquiry.

E. H. (Harrogate).—It would not be war to "threaten to shoot six of the principal Germans in our country for every vessel they sink." Besides, what of the principal Britons in Germunty?

"STRUGGLING WORKMAN" (Llanelli).—The Director of the Diet may put us all on sugar tickets presently.

"COLONIST" (Heaton).—Have we not asked for the employment of coloured troops? On the chessboard of war, Black moves to win.

R. D. (Transport —).—Widows of Navy men deserve a Flag Day as much as widows of merchant sailors—to whose "Day" we—and you—wish all luck. But Jack Tar and his family have not had a quarter of their Flag dues.

W. L. R. (East Ham).—"Farmer Giles, Junior:—For men may go; the rivers flow for ever and for ever, But not young Marster Jack or Joe—Oh, never, never, never!" Noticed it, have you?

R. F. H. (Chislehurst).—"There's a lot said about sewing potatoes in the poor man's park; why not start with the golf links of the idle rich?" The way you spell it reminds us of Sister Susie sewing shirts for soldiers.

S. C. (Bath).—Can't see that Isaiah xli. 15 must also refer to Tanks: "Behold I will make thee a new, sharp threshing instrument having teeth; thou shalt thresh the mountains and beat them small and shalt make the hills as chaff."

W. J. H. (L. and P. Union of Licensed Vehicle-Workers) says that his "attention has been called to certain articles in JOHN BULL re 'Lady Conductors.' He shouldn't wait till his attention is called; he should pay his penny every week like a man.

A. W. P. (Bristol).—Have chucked the Peace Negotiations Committee's leaflets into the fire. The only way to obtain peace is to get on with the war.

"WOUNDED TOMMIES" (Mil. Hosp., Liverpool), send us an illustration, from a Sunday paper, described as "Lady Guilford walks in the park with a friend who patriotically carries a parcel." Not responsible for our contemporary's illustrated clap-trap.

"RECTOR" (Ingatstone).—Congratulations on your success in getting increases in O.A. Pensions for parishioners. Complaints to us indicate in many cases a great deal of official meanness and delay.

J. S. (Blackpool).—The Rev. J. T. Green, the Raikes Parade Wesleyan Minister, says "the Blackpool Town Council is a municipal stable sadly in need of cleaning out." No doubt the Council thinks the rev. gent. sadly in need of shutting up.

J. T. (Croydon).—Kick yourself. You and King Pinocle ought to go to Hunsford and stay there.

"PARVAT" (Royal Marines).—The Melbourne paper's lie about the "millions of British shirkers" had, of course, the object of backing up its arguments against Hughes in the Conscription Referendum.

W. H. D. (Clapham) is no admirer of Mr. Lloyd George as a goody-goody lot, but takes off his hat to him as a war winner.

"ARTHUR" (Kensington).—The weight of the lady has nothing to do with the case. It would have been rude to swear at her for treading on your corn.

E. J. (Ipswich).—The Rev. J. A. Quail's peace sermon is typical of the attitude of the pietistic peacemonger. Any peace for him, even if made in Germhuny!

J. H. (Bow).—"Lo, a nation wise in *Kultur* spawns a hellish hymn of hate, Never thinking of the sorrow and the grimly waiting fate; Advocating hate eternal, Love all trampled in the dust—See, there dawns a day of wailing, and a judgment true and just." Reminiscent, but expressive.

R. B. (B.E.F., France).—Hope you shoot better than you write verses. Have read 'em backwards, forwards, and upside down, and still don't know what you are getting at.

"CANUCK" (Dublin).—The "printed in Germany" Christmas cards given to wounded soldiers by visitors to the Castle Hospital were possibly from a pre-war stock. Insulting, if intentional; careless, if not.

J. H. H. (Dover).—The Cambridge gentleman who advertises for "Electrician, Gardener, Coachman and Horsekeeper combined" evidently believes in war economy.

R. S. (Glasgow), referring to a newspaper illustration of the Kaiser as a child, says: "I never saw such an evil face on a child; the Devil is there, right enough." Quite so; the dial is appropriate to the clock—and by its works we know it.

"PRIVATE" (H.M.S. —).—Re the *Scotsman's* par. on gifts for the wounded and the curate's announcement, "I will ask the congregation to lay their eggs in the font as they leave the church," somebody has presented our contemporary with an ancient chestnut.

W. H. R. (Ossett).—Glad to hear dog Paddy, of the "Red Lion" Inn, Caton Street, Hulme, Manchester, is still doing his bit collecting for the needs of the boys.

"OLD GUARD" (Canton, Cardiff).—Your schoolmaster's pension of 18s. 4d. a week after forty years' service is, we agree, "hardly enough to keep body and soul together."

J. W. (Higher Broughton).—If the baker is giving short weight, report the facts to the local Weights and Measures Inspector.

"SIGNET" (Rugeley Camp).—We are all Socialists nowadays.

W. H. (Brighton) and OTHERS.—We note your complaints against the British Empire Union (late Anti-German Union), but we do not think there is any official connection between the Union and the *Morning Post*.

"INQUISITIVE" and OTHERS.—Kindly send full name and addresses, when reply will be forwarded by post. Will other correspondents on legal subjects also note?

"LONDONER" (Dublin).—The Dublin beak who abused East London "ought to pay a visit there, even at the Government's expense." He would never want to go back.

"MEDICUS" (Liverpool).—If a soldier's wife brought her dying baby to your surgery when you were disengaged, would you refuse to look at it till your fee was paid? We don't believe it of you. Yet you say the other man was right!

"FAIR PLAY."—"They have to work 11 hours per shift." Surely they could change them oftener if they wished to?

"AN ADMIRER OF THE BEST."—"The most successful nurse is the refined, gentle, well-educated girl who loves, and lives for, her patients." We are quite content to close the nursing discussion on that fine note.

"ANONYMOUS."—"German prisoners at a certain naval base are permitted to walk about the town, under no supervision. Is this wise?" If true—otherwise.

"A JOCK."—"You are not entitled to a gold stripe, as you are suffering from gas poisoning. Only the wounded receive this mark. Shilling added to our Fund.

"A MOTHER" (Derby).—"Single men, 20 and upwards, working at offices of the M.R. here, slipping through again, hiding in the goods yards and dodging round trucks on the sidings." Where is that comb?

J. H.—"At the Royal Naval Stores, West India Docks, we have about 20 minutes for dinner on Fridays. Do you reckon this is fair?" Fare's fair, but we guess you don't get fair fare in the time.

"BETHNAL GREEN."—"The coal trolleys here do not come to us now, but sell to the shops opposite, and the shops charge 2s. 4d. cwt." Search for a new trolleyman, and bar the old one for ever.

E. S. (York).—When you write of "hunting over the horrible land," pardon us for wondering if you mean "arable."

H. C. (Walthamstow).—Delighted to hear that 150 wounded soldiers had so good a time the other day at the local Conservative Club. Good luck to them—and to the members who provided the feast of turkeys and other good things, as well as the concert afterwards!

H. (Leicester).—A Leicester firm sued their motor driver for 17s., a week's wages, for leaving without notice. Let us hope he got a bit more from somebody not so extravagant.

S. W. H. (France).—Parcels for British Prisoners of War in Germany are usually forwarded through the Prisoners of War Head Committee, Thurlow Street, S.W.

"RATEPAYER" (Greenfield).—Though Greenfield is "dark as pitch," the lighting rate is included because, presumably, the Gas Company is under contract to maintain the lighting plant, etc.

"HARVEY" (Rhyll).—You are quite right. "Bullets" is the oldest competition now running. It started in our issue dated October 5th, 1912.

Mrs. M. E. W. (Starcross).—Now that you have returned after 40 years' wandering over the face of the earth, you will naturally notice the funny things. We sometimes notice them ourselves.

Dr. J. J. L. F. (Vic. Hotel, Liverpool).—Of course you know our "copper" coins are really bronze—an alloy of copper and tin. A penny, for instance, is an audacious swindle; it is worth only about one-seventh of the money.

"PROUD PRESTON" (Preston).—The Vicar of Preston's article in the parish mag., "Under the Doctor," is amusing. He ought to be glad he has a funny bone.

G. A. L. (Harrow).—The winter wheat-land at Moor Farm, Northwood, being built over with huts, while golf-course, etc., adjoining, are not touched, is the actual case already told of by us.

"FORTUNATE" (Palmer's Green).—Hearty congratulations on the sale of your "mascot," and many thanks for the £1 5s., which we have allocated as desired.

W. H. (Highbury).—"Why not try to make your paper respectable?" you ask us. That shall be one of our New Year's resolutions.

A. F. Q. (New Malden).—"Cultivate the land. Give men and women plenty of bread and cheese and a glass of good beer with an onion. Then you can send all the tinned American fodder to the bottom of the sea." You are no fool, anyway.

SAPPER W. A. C.—"May you address a few lines to us?" As many as you like. You boys are the ones we like to hear from.

(A number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

TO CURE RHEUMATISM WITHOUT DOSING.

**CHEMIST SAYS TRY HOT BATHS IN
WATER MEDICATED WITH COMMON
SALTRATES TO STOP RHEUMATIC
PAINS, ALSO BREAK UP BAD COLDS,
ETC.**

I once thought internal drugging with opiates or narcotic and stomach-upsetting medicines was the only way we could expect to stop acute rheumatic pains and uric acid disorders, such as gout, sciatica, lumbago, neuritis, gravel, etc., etc. I never found it to afford more than temporary relief, however, and the enormous demand recently for *Reudel bath saltrates* led me to suspect that my previous theories were quite wrong. Now that the cold and damp "rheumatism weather" is upon us, the remarkable curative effects produced by hot saltrated baths in my own case as well as with numerous of my formerly rheumatic customers may prove of interest to many readers. A half-pound of ordinary refined *Reudel bath saltrates*, costing less than 2s., is sufficient for two or three weeks' treatment, and two of these oxygenated and medicated baths a week for this period are all that even the most severe cases usually require for a cure. The formula for this natural curative compound is derived from the official analyses of waters from several famous spas, whose medicinal properties the compound exactly reproduces. The hot saltrated water will stop any rheumatic pain in a few minutes. A permanent cure is only a matter of a little perseverance, as visitors to the spas know from experience. At night, just before retiring, is the best time to take these baths for rheumatism, and they will not only ensure a sound, restful night's sleep, but also stop or prevent colds, influenza, chills, and other ill-effects of exposure to inclement weather, etc.—C.N.H.—ADVT.

PEACE IN THE TRENCHES.

Our Soldiers' Best Friend in the Trenches is
Somerville's Asiatic Body Cord.

Exterminates all body vermin and prevents them lodging on the person or underclothing for a long time. 1s. each; post inland or to the front, 2d. Ask for and be sure you get Somerville's, from Chemists, or

G. SOMERVILLE, Chemist, 2, South Clerk Street, EDINBURGH.

**Start the New Year
with the New Lever
Pocket Self-Filling**

**Waterman's
Ideal
Fountain Pen**

and so end your old
pen troubles.

Three types of Waterman's Ideal—Regular Type 10/6 and upwards. Lever Pocket Self-Filling and Safety Types 15/- and upwards. Special pens for presentation. Of Stationers and Jewellers. Booklet free from—

**L. G. SLOAN, Ltd.,
The Pen Corner Kingsway, London.**

"BULLETS" THE FIRESIDE COMPETITION

2 nd PRIZE £25	FIRST PRIZE £250		3 rd PRIZE £10
10 PRIZES OF £5	25 PRIZES OF 10/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	2,000 SPECIAL 'TARGET' PRIZES
		2,000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES	10 PRIZES OF £2:10

A further Coupon for this week's Competition will be found on the opposite page.

No. _____	Closing Date, Thursday, January 18th.
Example _____	
Bullet _____	
Example _____	
Bullet _____	
(221) P.O. No. _____	Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.	Address _____
	If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 221, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRES, LONDON, W.8.
Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. _____	Closing Date, Thursday, January 18th.
Example _____	
Bullet _____	
Example _____	
Bullet _____	
(221) P.O. No. _____	Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.	Address _____
	If two coupons are used P.O. for 1s. must be sent.

No. _____	Closing Date, Thursday, January 18th.
Example _____	
Bullet _____	
Example _____	
Bullet _____	
(221) P.O. No. _____	Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.	Address _____
	If three coupons are used P.O. for 1s. 6d. must be sent.

SPECIAL RULE In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for Next Week's "Bullets" Competition No. 222. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these Offices on or before THURSDAY, JANUARY 25th. Please note that all coupons so used MUST be clearly marked with the number 222 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons MUST be addressed "Bullets" No. 222, "John Bull," Long Acres, London, W.8. Such coupons MUST NOT contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 222.

PEACE OFFERING
SIGNAL OF DISTRESS
APPROACHING DEFEAT
A GOOD TRY
WORKING MAN

LETTING THINGS SLIP
DEAR TRAVELLING
OF NO ACCOUNT
FIRING PARTY
NOT SO SIMPLE

SLEEPING PARTNER
LOSING HIS REASON
CRUSHING REPLY
AN EARLY CALL
HIS FAULT

WONDERFUL WOMAN
A DOUBTFUL MOVE
CRYING SHAME
MOST AGREEABLE
WHEN KAISER PROPOSED

BULLETS RULES
1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, wit, and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.
2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two at-

tempts may be written on each coupon.
3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted

on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION, NO. 221.

WOMAN IN THE CASE
PEACE AND PLENTY
GERMANY WANTS
A GOOD BEGINNING
MAKING A SPLASH
CINEMA HERO
MAKING IT UP
SOON DONE
MAID OF ALL WORK
FALLING OUT
AT THE PANTOMIME
TAKING STOCK
COME TO STAY
HELPING TOMMY
WAR WEDDINGS
WHAT FATHER EXPENSE
TAKEN TO HEART
BUYING SUGAR
A DRY SERMON
A COMMON DODGE
GERMAN OFFICERS
HARD WORK
IN SCOTLAND
MY MOTHER-IN-LAW
PRINCIPAL GIRL
MEAT AND DRINK
SHADY CORNER
A MUG'S GAME
UNEXPECTED PROPOSAL
THE KAISER THINKS

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the 30 examples given above. Then give TWO, THREE or FOUR words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any ONE of the words selected must begin with ANY letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These examples will help you:-

Example 1:-
A MUG'S GAME.
Bullet:-
LEADING STRANGER NEW VENDOR.

Example 2:-
GERMAN OFFICERS.
Bullet:-
DRIVERS, NEW LEADERS.

Example 3:-
A DRY SERMON.
Bullet:-
WILSON APPROACHES.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated February 3rd. This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYBODY'S, dated January 13th.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

RESULT OF 218TH BULLETS COMPETITION

FIRST PRIZE OF £200:-

Mr. CHURCH,
C.O. Kirk, Hairdresser, Devon Street, Stockton-on-Tees.
Example:—ASKING FOR PEACE.
Bullet:—No "DRAW" FOR US.

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:-

Mr. F. STEPHENS, Radley Church Rd., Addlestone, Surrey.
Example:—DEALING WITH TING.
Bullet:—TAKE EVERYTHING BUT WORD.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:-

Mr. G.E. HUNT, 69, Prescott Street, Liverpool.
Example:—MERRY AND BRIGHT.
Bullet:—LANDLADY IN "FULL UP."

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:-

Mr. G. W. ALLEN, 2, King Stephen Road, Colchester:
ASKING FOR PEACE—THE "LION" SIMPLY "ROARED."
Mrs. J. E. GRAHAM, c/o Mrs. Grant, 2, Napierhall Street,
Gt. Western Road, Glasgow:
PLAYING THE CLOWN—GERMANY DOESN'T "DIVER" "US."
Mr. G. MACHIN, 11, Kirby St., Norton Rd., Stockton:
ASKING FOR PEACE—GERMANY'S FIRST SENSIBLE ACTION.
Mr. A. GUY, 35, High St., Tibshelf, Alfreton, Derbyshire:
WHAT WILLIE WANTS—NO END "OF CONCESSIONS."
Mr. J. McMICHAEL, Navarre, Clarkston, Glasgow:
ASKING FOR PEACE—GERMANY "SICK," ALLIES "INDISPOSED."
Mr. E. NORTHGOTT, 154, Hampton Road, Ilford:
ASKING FOR PEACE—"KEEPING IN" WITH MISSUS.
Miss M. W. ROSS, 64, Airlie Gardens, Hyndland, Glasgow:
WHEN WIFE KNOWS—"CURIOUS" IF SHE DOESN'T.

Mr. V. DIGBY, 5, York Mansions, Hove:
BUSINESS GOVERNMENT—"HOUSE" THAT "JOHN" BUILT.

Mr. W. GRAHAM, New Road, Bedford, Middlesex:
WHAT WILLIE WANTS—FRENCH "SPILL" HIS PLANS.
Mrs. LAWN, 33, Allen Road, Beckenham, S.E.:
HALF MEASURES—THE "FASHION" JUST LATELY.

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:-

Mr. A. ADRI, 33, Oxford Road, Waterloo, Liverpool:
POOR DEVIL REPORTER—WOMEN'S CONFERENCE.
Mr. W. McWHIRTER, 14, Heisland Street, Greenock:
MARKS SERGEANT CROSS—WHAT RECENTS DON'T KNOW.
Mrs. E. A. BUDD, 56, Whitehouse St., New Cut, Bristol:
NOT TAKEN SERIOUSLY—SUGAR SHORTAGE—SEE CONFECTIONERS.
Mr. H. C. MOLE, 2, Longmoor Lane, Antree, Liverpool:
CARELESS MAID—DROPS—TAIN "CATCHES" IT.
Mr. M. LEWRY, 51, Bill St. Rd., Frintbury, Rochester:
WHAT WILLIE WANTS—"HONESTLY," HE'LL NEVER SECURE.
Mr. F. CLEWS, 62, High St., Evesham, Worcester:
DEALING WITH TING—"A" PIRING PARTY" REQUIRED.
Mr. D. CASEY, 4, Roches Row, Queenstown, Ireland:
PRETTY FORWARD—OFFICER INSPECTS WATER-BOTTLES.
Mr. H. SHAW, Forge Mills, Congleton:
BUSINESS GOVERNMENT—"PROFITS" BY ITS "LOSSES."
Mrs. A. M. GRIFFITHS, 1, Porter St., Ulton, Glasgow:
BUSINESS GOVERNMENT—TOWN "SLEEVES," NOT "COATS."
Mrs. H. LYONS, Klondyke Picturedrome, Gorey, Co. Wexford:
SPENT WITH CARE—WEDDING EVE—BURNING PHOTOS.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

EVERY copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL of specified dates, bearing ON THE COVER any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:-

B. KEEP, 213, Huddersfield Road, Stalybridge.
December 9th. 578,511.
R. B. KNIGHT, 132, Bath Row, Edgbaston, Birmingham. December 16th. A013,261.
CHARLES PETTITT, West Hallam, Derby.
December 2nd. 6,268.
J. C. KILLINGLY, 12, Murray Street, Camden Square, N.W. December 30th. 600,932.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of Jan. 6th.

006,938	261,824	591,647	882,254	A236,005
013,862	289,536	620,351	889,645	A254,987
047,035	348,109	642,448	903,720	A271,124
082,113	372,461	697,679	937,416	A310,360
095,940	391,067	705,733	A026,335	A365,713
124,247	406,439	723,874	A058,116	A427,100
150,398	462,111	752,635	A062,791	A459,538
176,764	528,546	789,241	A091,255	A483,265
208,451	551,507	814,368	A143,384	A516,887
233,006	583,490	861,500	A176,963	A548,461

The A prefixed indicates that it is plus a million.
The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published Jan. 17th).

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of JOHN BULL for January 6th, 1917, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 142,718 and A260,004. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

No.	Closing Date, Thursday, January 18th.
Example	
Bullet	
Example	
Bullet	
(221) P.O. No.	Signed.....
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.	Address.....
	If four coupons are used P.O. for as must be sent.

COMPLETE LIST OF ALL CASH AND OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS CAN BE SEEN AT THE OFFICES OF "JOHN BULL."

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, absolutely free of charge, an insurance against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, irrespective of sex or age, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the Ordinary fire and accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

Our scheme is simple and comprehensive, and does not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount to the insured, who must personally sign the coupon or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you permanently insured during each year as this Insurance Scheme and your order in the Newsagent remain in force. Readers may, however, obtain all the advantages by sending in every week the Registration Coupon—with (a) struck out, which will be available for seven days after its receipt by us.

WHAT WE WILL PAY

In respect of any person (man, woman or child) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of—
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled—
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding—
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to—
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to—

£200

£100

£350

£25

£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim, which must be confined to one of the benefits, can be entertained in respect of any one person or home, the address of which must be registered.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payment will be made subject to the rights which the claimant may have or acquire against any other newspaper or insurance body, we paying a proportionate amount of the total admitted claim.

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situated outside military or naval premises, may be insured.

TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION FORM WEEKLY

You may, if you are a regular and continuous reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To Newsagent.

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed

Jan 13th, 1917

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured must fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you must fill in clause (a) of the Registration Form which will be found next to this, and pass it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.
(a) Placed an order for the regular weekly supply of

This is to notify that I have this day

(Strike out one of these.)

Jan 13th, 1917

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:-

Name of Nominee.....

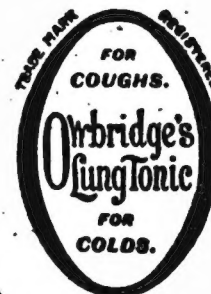
Address

Signature of Insured

(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address of home.....

R



**The
British
Remedy.**

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